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RUDYARD KIPLING





*Rudyard Kipling meets Cecil Rhodes*

# RUDYARD KIPLING

*by*  
NELLA BRADDY

*Illustrated by*  
HEADE

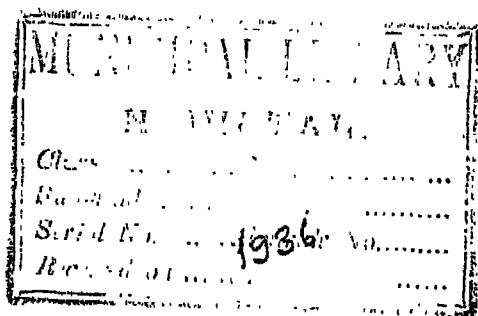


COLLINS  
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1945

TO MY BROTHER  
ROBERT  
WHOSE LOVE OF THE POETS BEGAN  
WITH KIPLING

I said to him, "The great thing Kipling did for you was to teach you to love poetry."

"Yes," he answered, "but that is not all Kipling did for me. He gave me courage at a time when I needed it."



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I

RUDDY-BABA

OFFICIALLY, he was Joseph Rudyard Kipling, and though he was born in India, all of his name had come from England—Joseph from his Yorkshire grandfather, the Reverend Joseph Kipling, and Rudyard from a lake in Staffordshire along the banks of which his mother and father had spent some of their happiest hours before they were married. He dropped the Joseph part when he was a schoolboy, and a few years later he burst upon the world as Rudyard Kipling. But always, for those who knew him well, Rudyard was too stiff and formal ; they made it into Rud or Ruddy or, when he was older, into Uncle Rud. In the beginning, in his father's house in Bombay, where he was born on December 30, 1865, he was known as Ruddy and Ruddy-baba.

His first memories were of walks early in the morning to a fruit market not far from his home. Just at dawn, before the heat of the day had come, when the green parakeets were waking in the trees and the kites and crows were flying overhead, he set out with a white-robed,

dark-skinned, bejewelled Portuguese woman, his *ayah*, or nurse.

His first long journey—six thousand miles—came at the age of three when his mother took him to England. This was symbolic. All his life he kept travelling, and all his journeys ended, finally, in England. Again and again he went to other countries, but he always came back. England was the centre of his Empire; it came, in time, to be the centre of his heart and all his hopes.

While he and his mother were in England on that first visit, his sister, Alice, or Trixie, as she was called, was born; and when they went back to Bombay, Ruddy and the *ayah* took her with them on those early-morning walks. She added a touch of luxury, for now when they selected the fruits they wanted from the grapes and pomegranates and oranges and mangoes, spread so low that even a small boy could look down upon them, they piled them into the perambulator with her and wheeled them home.

Very early it was borne in upon the boy that there were other religions besides his own, which was Wesleyan, or Methodist. Both his grandfathers and two of his great-grandfathers were Methodist preachers. The *ayah* was a Roman Catholic. On their walks together she stooped to pray at the wayside shrines and at night she crooned him to sleep with Catholic lullabies. Other nights his mother sang him to rest with the wonderful old hymn,

“ Son of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near.”

Next to the *ayah*, the most important servant was Meeta, the bearer, a big Hindu boy in a red-and-gold turban. Since Ruddy was below the age of caste Meeta could take him into the dark little Hindu temples when he went inside to perform his devotions before the images of his gods. The gods were strange, but to the

English boy they seemed friendly because Meeta was his friend.

Quite near the Kiplings' bungalow were the famous Towers of Silence in which the Parsees leave their dead to be devoured by vultures so the corpses will not pollute the earth by being buried or the fire by being burned. Meeta told Ruddy more about this strange custom than his mother was willing to have him know, but his knowledge of the Parsees was not limited to Meeta's.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, one of the wealthiest members of this faith in Bombay, was a founder of the School of Art where Ruddy's father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, taught sculpture, and in the late afternoons when the boy walked along the oceanside, dodging falling coconuts if it was windy, he caught glimpses of Parsees in brilliant robes, wading out into the water towards the sunset to worship their God of Light. More than a thousand years earlier their ancestors had fled from Persia so they could do this without persecution from the Mohammedans.

But here in Bombay were Mohammedans too. Five times a day when the *muezzin* sounded the call they spread their rugs and prayed to Allah. Here were Hindus of all kinds (and there are many kinds) and Buddhists with prayer wheels and prayer flags and priests squatting in the sun with their begging bowls. Here were Jews and Christians. Here, in fact, were nearly all the gods of the world, and all of them, in so far as the little boy could understand, were friendly. It was not until after he went to England to live that he discovered that there was any other kind.

Out of the fifty or sixty languages that surrounded him, Ruddy spoke one fluently and one haltingly. The one he spoke haltingly was English. The other was Hindustani, the language of Meeta and the *ayah* and the *hamal*, or house boy.

It was in Hindustani that he first heard the marvellous animal stories of India. Stories of the *Bandar-log*, or monkey people, of *Hathi*, the elephant, *Shere Khan*, the tiger, *Nag*, the snake, *Mugger*, the crocodile, and *Chil*,



the kite. These were not the stories that he told afterwards in the *Jungle Books*, but it was in Bombay from Meeta and the *ayah* that he learned how animal stories ought to be told.

Also there were stories of charms to make mangoes ripen out of season, charms to raise the dead, and charms to change human beings into something else, like the merchant's wife who was changed into a mouse and the ranee, or princess, who was changed into a tiger. When Meeta told the ranee story the houseboy hid behind the door and made tiger noises at all the right places.

There was a stuffed leopard head on the wall of the nursery, and when the *ayah* tucked Ruddy-baba behind the mosquito curtains she told him it was a charm to make him sleep. The great yellow-spotted thing frightened him and he asked Meeta about it.

"It is only an animal," said Meeta. "Nothing to be afraid of."

One of Ruddy's adventures was walking across the short distance which lay between his home and the School of Art. Visiting the school was delightful, for the studio was filled with the good smell of the paints and oils and varnishes that artists use, and there were bits of clays with which Ruddy could entertain himself. Mr. Kipling hoped that the boy would be an artist, and there is evidence in sketches in some of his letters and in the illustrations that he made for the *Just So Stories* that he might have been; but a story is told that in Bombay, instead of modelling the clay, he made it into pellets and threw it at the students.

Once on the way to the school Ruddy was attacked by an "animal," a monster. He ran home crying. His father celebrated the event by drawing a picture of it and writing a jingle about a small boy who ran away from a hen. For the monster was an ordinary hen, such as he might have met in England, except that she was bigger and crosser than hens are ordinarily.

Real dangers were in fact all about the child, but of these he knew almost nothing. When a rat came into

the nursery, it was simply a rat and a new form of excitement. The city was full of rats—swarms of them scurried across the streets at night—and the rats were infested with fleas, dread carriers of bubonic plague. The evil-smelling open sewers that took away the municipal refuse were constant sources of infection. Epidemics of cholera and dysentery were not uncommon and smallpox was apt to break out almost any time. After the rains there was always malaria and sometimes yellow fever.

Children on the island of Bombay were safe from some of the perils of the mainland, where tigers killed men by the hundreds and snakes killed them by the thousands and where famine and flood depended upon how the rains fell, but they had no protection from the heat except to get out of it.

Rudyard was born during the season known as the "cold weather," which means that it is only mildly warm, and not, like the rest of the year, intolerably hot. Mark Twain, who had had some experience with it, said the people in India called it the "cold weather" because they had to have some way to distinguish between weather that would melt a brass door-knob and weather that would only make it mushy: The usual temperature in Bombay is about eighty degrees; in the wet, steaming summers it runs much higher than this, and the Anglo-Indians who can afford it go somewhere else.

The Kiplings had not money enough to return to England every year, nor even enough to take the difficult journey across India to one of the hill stations in the Himalayas. Instead, they went about a hundred miles inland to the town of Nasik in the Ghat Mountains. But this was only a temporary solution. From the moment their son was born, they knew that if they stayed in India he would grow up without them. However much the Anglo-Indians loved India, the Lockwood Kiplings were among those who did love it, they wanted their children educated in England.

There were many reasons for this when Rudyard Kipling was a boy, aside from those already mentioned.

One was the anxious state of the country. Into a land already filled with magic and sorcery the English had introduced the white man's magic in the shape of the telegraph and the steam engine. They had passed laws to prevent Hindu women from burning themselves to death on the funeral pyres of their husbands ; to prevent parents from selling their children in times of famine and to prevent them from drowning or otherwise disposing of girl babies, regardless of famine. They had sent expeditions against the professional robbers known as Thugs, who always ended by strangling their victims, and against some of the more savage tribes who lived by plundering their neighbours. They had established schools and had begun to train the natives to serve in the British Army—Sepoys these were called. They had taken upon themselves the responsibility of seeing that the sick were doctored in times of plague and that the hungry were fed in times of famine.

Perhaps the British should never have gone into India, but their choice was not between leaving India alone or taking it over. It was between taking it over or letting the French or the Dutch or the Portuguese have it. Dominion by one or the other was inevitable ; and it was inevitable that whoever governed would make mistakes. The British did, and some of their mistakes were serious.

Their general policy was not to interfere with native customs and beliefs except where human life was involved, as in the case of the widows on the funeral pyres. Mohammedans were to remain Mahommedans, Hindus were to remain Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jains and all the rest were to remain undisturbed in their several religions. Still, rumours kept circulating among them that they were all going to be forced into Christianity.

This was not true, but an unfortunate order was issued that the Sepoys in the Bengal army—mainly Hindus—would be obliged to serve overseas if need arose, though it was well known that the religion of high-caste Hindus forbade them to cross the black water of the ocean.

On top of this they discovered that the cartridges for their new rifles were greased with the fat of cows and pigs. Since the cartridges had to be bitten before they were inserted into the magazine, some of the fat had necessarily gone into their mouths.

Now a Hindu would no more think of eating a piece of beef than an Englishman or an American would think of biting a brick out of a church. To the Hindu the cow is sacred. Bulls wander unmolested throughout India, and traffic, even in the cities, whether on foot or on wheels, moves out of their way. The religion of the Mohammedan teaches that the pig is unclean; a true believer is defiled if he touches the animal. When the Sepoys in the Bengal army discovered that they had been unconsciously defiling themselves, they revolted, Hindus and Mohammedans alike, and the revolt spread to other parts of India.

In the slaughter that followed, the natives showed no more discrimination than a bomb falling on a modern city. Women and children were massacred with men, and all the British in India might have been wiped out, if most of the native armies had not remained loyal, if the British leaders had not acted with extraordinary courage and promptness, and if the British soldiers had not fought with their customary valour and stubbornness.

This was not ancient history. Peace had been restored only six years before the Lockwood Kiplings reached Bombay, and the country was still alive with stories of the horror of the mutiny period. No English mother in India could be unmindful of what mothers there had lived through and might be called upon to live through again.

That the time had come for Mrs. Kipling seemed certain one night in February, 1872, when Ruddy was a little more than six years old. His mother and father dressed for a big dinner party. They always put on evening clothes for dinner, whether or not they were dining out. This was part of the British tradition in a foreign country, a small thing in itself, but a matter of

honour, or *izzat*, as Meeta would have expressed it, a signal rung up every day to show that they had not lost contact with the civilisation they had left behind. This particular evening was special, but the Kiplings never reached the party. In a little while, desperately alarmed, they were back in the bungalow and, since Ruddy was still awake, his mother explained why.

"The big Lord Sahib has been killed," she said.

The big Lord Sahib was Lord Mayo, the Viceroy. This earnest man had spent three years trying to see as much as he could of this vast India over which he ruled. He had used railroads when there were railroads, and when the railroads ended he had taken to camels or elephants or Himalayan riding cows. He had been carried about in rickshaws and palanquins and he had been in almost everything that floated, from paddle-wheel river boats to tippy craft made of inflated buffalo hides. He had talked with rajahs and maharajahs, with princes and Parsee millionaires, with village farmers and weavers and workers in brass and copper, with British soldiers and administrators and with Sepoys. Finally he had crossed the Bay of Bengal to inspect a convict settlement on the Andaman Islands.

Among the prisoners was a Hindu from the north of India who had killed a man to settle a blood feud. This was in accordance with the immemorial laws of his tribe, and no punishment would have followed if the crime had not taken place across the frontier within the British lines. Recognising that he had not exceeded his legal rights as he understood them, the British, instead of executing him, sentenced him to life imprisonment on the Andaman Islands. He begged for death instead, and when they sent him across the water (as forbidden by his religion) he swore that he would avenge himself by killing one of their big men. Now he had done it.

Meeta supplied the essential gory detail.

"The big Lord Sahib was hit with a knife," he informed Ruddy.

The question that night in every English household

in India was: How far will this go? In the delicate balance of alien races trying to live side by side in the same country there was (and is) always danger of violence. But this time there was no cause for uneasiness, only for sorrow. The man from the north of India had settled his score; his was a private feud and no one else was involved. He was executed, and a new Viceroy was sent out from England.

Soon after this Ruddy made his second long voyage; it was the same as his first, except that in the meantime the Suez Canal had been opened and it was no longer necessary to take a train across the desert. He and Trixie were going to stay in England. Ruddy promised Meeta and the *ayah* that he would come back and grow up into a big man—a *Sahib Bahadur*—but he never did come back to Bombay to live, and when he and his sister said good-bye to their mother, it was nearly six years before they saw her again.





## BLACK SHEEP

RUDDY's mother and father decided that he and Trixie were too young to understand why they had to live in England with strangers while their parents stayed in Bombay. Trixie was only three and Ruddy was not yet seven. Ruddy never blamed his parents for what happened to him, and it is only in looking back that one feels it might have been wiser for Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling to have explained the situation, at least to their son, though it is not likely that he would have found any of their reasons satisfactory.

Suppose Ruddy's father had told him it was the custom for Anglo-Indian boys and girls to go to school in England.

"Why is it the custom?" Ruddy might have asked, phrasing his question in Hindustani instead of English. The use of this alien language was one of the best of reasons, but Ruddy could not, at his age, have been expected to think so. Hindustani, in his experience, was good enough for anybody.

"Because it was so hot in Bombay and so sickly," his father might have answered.

"But it has always been hot and sickly. Why can't we got to Nasik the way we always do?"

"Because you must learn to read and write. You must learn to speak English like a *Sahib*, not like a servant."

"Then you teach me. You speak like a *Sahib*. You are a *Sahib*."

This could have gone on indefinitely. Mr. Lockwood Kipling could have explained that he had to spend most of his time at the School of Art; he could have said that he wanted his son and daughter to have friends among children their own age. But there was probably nothing he could have said which would have kept Ruddy from returning to his original question: Why?

He and Trixie were left in a clean, grim little house in the suburbs of Southsea, near Portsmouth on the English Channel, in charge of a woman who had had experience in taking care of children whose parents lived in India. Her husband was a retired sea captain and she had a son about six or seven years older than Rudyard. So far as the Kiplings knew she was kind and conscientious and her home, on the surface, seemed an ideal place for the children. If by any chance anything went wrong Mrs. Kipling felt sure that one of her sisters—Ruddy's aunts—would find out about it and set it right. She meant to come back at the end of three years to see for herself. Circumstances made this impossible, and thus it happened that Rudyard had to wait nearly six years to be rescued from the horror into which he had fallen. In Bombay he had been His Majesty the King of the Bungalow. In Southsea he became the Black Sheep of the family.

Hoping that Ruddy and Trixie would be fond of the woman and she of them, the Kiplings had told them to call her "Aunt," though she was not really their aunt. Years later when he wrote a few pages in his autobiography about this dreadful period, Rudyard could not bring his pen to write the word. He called her the



"Woman." Her son he called the "Devil-Boy," and the house itself the "House of Desolation."

The Woman must have known that Rudyard was homesick and bewildered, but she made no effort to comfort him. If she had had any imagination, she would have guessed how cold and grey and hostile the very land of England seemed to one who was accustomed to the splendid Oriental colour and glittering sunshine of India; but if anyone had told her how strange it was to him to be in a country where people had to build fires in their houses to keep themselves warm, she would have said it was nonsense and she had no time to put up with nonsense. The first time the boy saw an open fire on a hearth he cried out in terror. That was silly.

After all these years it is not entirely clear why the Woman hated Rudyard so intensely, though jealousy of her son was no doubt at the bottom of it. Ruddy must have been a remarkable child. When he became famous people often asked Trixie when she first knew her brother was going to be a great man.

"I always knew it," was the answer.

There was nothing remarkable about the Devil-Boy except the delight he took in torturing Rudyard. Even his doting mother could not have believed that he was going to be great.

The Kiplings were paying board for the children, but the Devil-Boy told them that their mother and father had deserted them and that *his* mother and father had taken them in out of charity because nobody else wanted them. The old sea captain, who was the only person in the house of whom Rudyard could ask a question in the hope of getting a courteous answer, told him this was not true and not to worry about it. But the old man had not much influence in the household. It was ruled by the Woman and the Devil-Boy.

If the Devil-Boy and Ruddy had a quarrel, the Woman twisted it so that it was Ruddy who got the blame, Ruddy who got the beating. Beatings were a regular form of punishment, not only for him, but for the servants.

The servants were less helpless, however, for they could go away.

Many adults in those days felt that it was with children as it was with the woman, the dog, and the hickory tree in the old rhyme: "The more you beat 'em the better they be." But Ruddy's mother and father had a newer and kinder idea of the proper way to bring up children, and there had been nothing in the boy's life in Bombay to prepare him for the treatment he suffered at the hands of the Woman.

She may truly have thought he was wicked. When she overheard him telling Trixie stories out of the Bible all mixed up with stories he had heard from Meeta and the *ayah*, she did not see that his childish imagination was already crudely at work making up tales of his own. She called him a liar and beat him and told him God would send him to Hell. God, as she used the word, seemed to Ruddy the same thing as anger. Among all the gods of India he had not met such a one. Hell he would not have minded. It could have been no worse than where he was.

The Woman may also have thought he was stupid. It was a part of her duty to teach him to read and write, and because Trixie seemed bright and quick she taught them together. Trixie, who was in reality as bright and quick as she seemed, learned faster than her brother, who always kept stopping to ask why.

"This is *a*," the Woman would say, "and this is *b*. and when I put them together they make *ab*."

"Why?" asked Ruddy.

Life was never as hard for Trixie as it was for him, for, next to her son, the Woman loved the pretty little girl as much as it was possible for her to love anyone and would have adopted her as her own daughter if her parents had allowed it. She told Rudyard over and over again that he was not fit to associate with his sister, forbade him to speak to her, and in every way tried to drive a wedge between them. She never succeeded. Trixie never wavered in her loyalty to her

brother, though she sometimes asked him why he was so bad.

"I don't know," he would say. And indeed he did not know.

Apart from Trixie, the only friend he had in the House of Desolation was the Woman's husband. The old man could not make life any easier for him while they were under the same roof with the Woman and the Devil-Boy, but he could take him for long walks around the busy Portsmouth harbour. Then, as man to man, they talked together, and the captain, reminiscing about his days as a midshipman when he fought against the Turks at Navarino or pointing out a ship just back from the Arctic or another on its way to the South Seas, gave the boy an excited sense of the world of romance and beauty and adventure that lay beyond the horizon. Rudyard never forgot it, but the happiness of these walks did not last long. The old man died and the boy was left at the mercy of his tormentors.

He could not have borne it if there had been no relief, but for one month—one glorious month—out of every year he was free. Every Christmas, all alone, he went up to London, about seventy-five miles away, to stay with his mother's sister, Georgiana. She had married Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, who was rapidly becoming one of the most celebrated painters in England. The Burne-Joneses lived in the Grange, a big old house behind a brick wall, in what is now the West Kensington section of the city; and from the moment Rudyard reached for the openwork iron bell-pull on the gate until it was time to go through the gate in the other direction on the way back to the House of Desolation he was utterly and completely happy.

Many grown-up and distinguished visitors, some from as far off as America, found the Grange one of the pleasantest homes in England. No one would have guessed it from looking at Mr. Burne-Jones (later he was Sir Edward Burne-Jones) or his pictures, for he was a frail, sad-looking man who painted frail,

sad-looking people. A melancholy figure he seemed to be, if one knew him only through his art, but visitors to the Grange soon discovered that he was one of the jolliest men alive, always ready for a joke and a laugh. His laugh was famous. Everybody who heard it wanted to laugh with him.

His wife, Aunt Georgy, the "Beloved Aunt," was a tiny, charming, brisk little woman who was always glad to welcome one more to the family circle. They had two children, Phil, who was a little older than Ruddy, and Margaret, who was a little younger, and the Grange was one of those houses where friends kept coming and going at all hours of the day.

Anyone who stayed there long enough had a chance of meeting nearly every celebrity in England and many from abroad. Members of the royal family, the Prime Minister, and the highest of Church dignitaries came to see Mr. Burne-Jones's beautiful paintings and designs. John Ruskin, George Eliot, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and Robert Browning were among his friends, and so were all the Pre-Raphaelite group of artists who, as the extreme moderns of the day, had London by the ears. Mr. Burne-Jones was one of their leaders. Others were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John Everett Millais. Many of those who care for art and poetry do not think much of them now, but when Rudyard Kipling was a boy the very sound of their names had a meaning.

Mr. Burne-Jones's best friend, and therefore the visitor who came most often to the Grange, was William Morris, "Uncle Topsy."

Uncle Topsy was a big rushing dynamo of a man. He wrote poetry, he wove cloth, he designed furniture, he printed books, he dyed wool, he painted, and he made sculptures, and smashed the sculptures to pieces if he did not like them. He could do a dozen things at once and felt that a man who could not compose an epic poem while he was weaving a piece of tapestry had better shut up shop and not try to do either. At this time he was in the middle of revolutionising the whole

system of interior decoration in England and was so busy with his various projects that he usually paid no attention to whatever children happened to be cluttering up the place.

But there were exceptions. After one of his trips to Iceland, when he came home with his head full of the ancient sagas of the Vikings, he dashed into the Grange to recite to "Ned" (Mr. Burne-Jones) or "Georgy" a poem of his own along the same lines. No one was at home but Ruddy and Margaret. He found them in the nursery, eating pork drippings on brown bread, a combination which Ruddy thought delicious, and there, without the least self-consciousness, Uncle Topsy perched himself astride a child's rocking-horse and told them in his own words some of the more hair-raising episodes out of the Saga of Burnt Njal, which ends with the burning to death in his own house of Njal and most of his family.

It was not until many years later, when he was at work on things like the *Jungle Books* and the *Just so Stories*, that Ruddy realised that sometimes when a man has a story or a poem in his mind he likes to tell it aloud before he writes it down. Uncle Topsy, in reciting Burnt Njal to him and Margaret, was "trying it on the dog," and it did not matter to him whether or not the "dog" understood what he was driving at. All he wanted was to hear with his own ears how it sounded, and when he had finished, he got off the rocking-horse and went away without another word.

Uncle Topsy's wife, "Aunt-Janey," had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in London, and many a young artist would almost have given his eye teeth for the sight of her. She was tall and dark and willowy, with a heavy lot of wavy black hair, and she usually dressed in flowing robes instead of the ordinary clothes that other women wore. She was as different as could be from the tailor-made, sweater-clad heroine of modern times, but in her own day poets and painters raved about her and called her the Blessed Damozel,

and made her the centre of attention wherever she went.

Ruddy, quite naturally, was not greatly interested in famous beauties, but the Morris's daughters, Jenny and May, were like cousins, and there was another real cousin among the young visitors. This was Ambrose Poynter, son of Ruddy's Aunt Agnes. Ambrose's father, Edward Poynter (late Sir Edward and president of the Royal Academy), was also a painter, though not a "modern" one, like his brother-in-law, Mr. Burne-Jones. In his own field, however, he was highly regarded, and some of those who felt that modernism was ruining the arts considered him one of the best painters in England.

Ruddy and Margaret and Phil and Jenny and May and Ambrose did not take much stock in the theories of art the older generation were always discussing above their heads, nor did they waste much thought on the more dignified guests, like the elderly gentleman who looked like a successful business man but who was, in reality, as they were told, the poet Robert Browning. Browning showed no interest in them, and they returned the compliment by showing none in him.

There were other "uncles" at the Grange, and one of Ruddy's favourites was a schoolmaster, an old friend of his mother's and father's and the Burne-Joneses' and Uncle Topsy's, a Mr. Cornell Price, who in 1874 became head of the United Services College, a school for boys on the west coast of England in Devonshire.

What Rudyard liked best in these blissful days were the evenings. Often Mr. Burne-Jones dropped his seriousness and joined in whatever frolic was going on. The public knew him for his sad, beautiful paintings, but he had a habit of making, for the entertainment of Phil and Margaret and their friends, a series of drawings which the family called his "bogey pictures." These showed frightened people in haunted woods, innocent persons about to be scared out of their wits by a skeleton or a ghost hidden in some such unlikely place as a bureau drawer or a grandfather's clock. Very bad for young people such drawings were, as anyone

could have told him—and they did tell him—but the children adored them.

Some evenings the Beloved Aunt played the piano and sang. Others (and these to Ruddy were the very best) she read aloud one of Sir Walter Scott's novels or the Lane translation of the *Arabian Nights*, while he and Margaret and Phil sprawled on the uncomfortable sofas, sucking toffee.

"O porter," the lovely voice began, "know that my story is wonderful... I have performed seven voyages, and connected with each voyage is a wonderful tale..." and there followed the tales of the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor. Or, "It hath been told me, O happy King, that there was, in ancient times, a merchant in Cairo, named Shems-ed-Deen . . ." and there followed the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. And afterward Ruddy and Phil and Margaret addressed one another in the Arabian fashion, "O Daughter of My Uncle," "O Son of My Father's House," and "O True Believer," just as the Macdonald children (Ruddy's mother was one of these) had done when the stories were first read aloud to them.

Ruddy was sometimes permitted to go into the studio with the Beloved Aunt to pump the organ while she played for her husband as he worked. Here again was that familiar smell of paints and turpentine which he had known in his father's studio in Bombay; and in the garden behind the house other delights were to be found.

There was an ancient mulberry tree, more than a hundred years old, and easy to climb; there were apple trees and gardening tools and flowers. One day the garden was the scene of a notable funeral. A friend had told Mr. Burne-Jones that the paint called mummy-brown was actually made from ground-up Egyptian mummies; thereupon he produced the only tube of it he had and declared they would give it a decent burial. Everybody took part, making up what they hoped were the proper Egyptian rites as they went along,

and when it was over they planted a flower above the "corpse."

Not one complaint about the Woman, ever passed Rudyard's lips while he was at the Grange. A single word to the Beloved Aunt would have banished her from his life for ever, but he never spoke that word and the Beloved Aunt had no way of knowing. He was clean and well fed—the Woman saw to that—and when he was at the Grange he was so happy it was hard to believe he was ever anything else.

He was never able to explain exactly why he had not told the Beloved Aunt about the conditions in Southsea. He may have felt that if it came to a showdown the Woman would win, as she always had. He may have thought his position was natural for one whose mother and father were so far away. And even as a child he may have thought that one's personal troubles must be handled by one's personal self. Certainly, as a man, he never dreamed of trying to fob them off on anybody else.

At any rate, when the Christmas month was over, he went back to Southsea without a grumble, but no convict ever walked more unwillingly towards his doom.







## E S C A P E

BACK in the House of Desolation, in the midst of his struggles with the alphabet, when Trixie was racing ahead of him, it came suddenly to Rudyard that reading meant more than picking sentences out of a primer about cats lying on mats. It meant books, and books meant escape. The old captain had been able to take him to Portsmouth; books could take him anywhere. He asked his father to send him all the books in the world.

This was beyond Mr. Lockwood Kipling's power, but he made a good beginning with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and *Aunt Judy's Magazine* and some others. In *Aunt Judy's Magazine* Ruddy found a story, "Six to Sixteen," by Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing, which seemed to be about real people. It was exciting in an entirely different way from the stories about frog-princes and giants. Apparently there was no limit to the kind of excitement one could find in books.

So long as reading was difficult for him, the Woman punished him by making him read. Now when she

saw him enjoying it, she took his books away. Then when she found him hiding to read them, she accused him of sin and told him again that he was going to Hell.

The book she never took away, but continually used as a punishment, was the Bible. She made him learn pages and pages of it by heart. Rudyard, the grandson and great-grandson and nephew of Wesleyan preachers, would in any case have been familiar with the Bible, but there is no reason to think that he would have committed so much of it to memory during his boyhood had it not been for those bleak, rebellious hours when the Woman sent him off alone with it because she thought he had done something wrong.

She tried to use the Bible as a whip in the hands of her own angry, narrow-minded god, but the Bible refused to serve her. It was bigger than she was and was filled with a larger religion than any she was able to comprehend. Then, too, it was a treasury of golden words set down in immortal sentences. Learning so many of these sentences by heart was the Woman's one great gift to Rudyard Kipling the writer. It did not occur to her that she could not have devised better training for one who was to devote his life to the use of words. If it had, she would probably have taken the Bible away.

Words fascinated him and he wanted to know the meanings of all the new ones. He wanted to know everything and he tried to learn through the six honest serving men about whom he later wrote some verses. The serving men were "What?" "Why?" "When?" "How?" "Where?" and "Who?"

"What is a griffon?"

"Why am I here?"

"When are my mother and father coming?"

"How do you pronounce Katzikopfs?"

"Where is Helvellyn?"

"Who is A. Tennyson?"

The Woman had no answers for any of his questions. She told him either to say his prayers or to shut up.

When he took his questions to visitors she told them to pay no attention, he was only showing off. Whatever he did seemed to be wrong.

Meantime, his hungry little mind fed on whatever it could get, and, after a while, with books coming from India, added to the few that were already in the House of Desolation, he had enough to keep him busy. He read whenever he could and wherever he could, finding it more and more necessary to hide from the Woman.

Lurking in dark corners made it possible to read, but his eyes suffered from it, and by the time he was twelve years old the world had become a grey mist before him. Nothing had sharp outlines, and he was extraordinarily clumsy, bumping into big pieces of furniture and dropping little things and breaking them. The fury of the Woman drove him more than ever to his books, but it was not easy now to make out the words on the pages.

By this time he was attending a day school in Southsea, and his marks were dropping lower and lower. The Woman scolded so much that when he was given a report card much worse than any he had had before, he threw it away and told her that he had never got it. This time he told a real lie.

The Woman found it out, and the Devil-Boy, who had finished school and was employed by a bank, helped his mother to think up a worthy punishment. Beating, which took place as a matter of course, was not enough. The Woman finally made a placard with the word LIAR on it, fastened it firmly to his back, and made him wear it as he walked through the streets of Southsea to school. One wonders that his teachers did not rise up to protest, but apparently all they felt was that he needed another beating.

Any sensitive person would have cracked up under such treatment. Rudyard did. All this time the world kept getting dimmer and dimmer and greyer and greyer, and he began to see things that were not there. Ghosts ran in and out of the curtains in the house and the laurel

bushes in the yard. This may have frightened the Woman into writing Mrs. Burne-Jones that the boy was losing his mind, for soon afterwards a man, a friend of the family, came to Southsea to find out what the trouble was and discovered that Rudyard was nearly blind.

One would think that this at last would have softened the Woman's hard heart. Not at all. She told him again that he was only showing off and forbade him to speak to Trixie, but she did not dare disobey the visitor's orders that Rudyard was not to do anything—*anything at all*—until his mother came. She sent him to the nursery to fumble about with his toys and repent his sins. There, alone and sick at heart, bracing himself for the worst that could happen, he waited.

If the Woman told him that his mother was coming, she made him understand that he had little to gain by it. His mother did not seem real anyway. During those years she and his father had faded off into the background. He had letters and presents from them, and he wrote to them regularly, but the Woman saw all the letters that went out, as well as all that came in; and his letters, after the first three years, were not addressed to Bombay, which he knew, but to Lahore, of which he had never heard.

The year that his mother and father had planned to come back to England—three years after Ruddy went into the House of Desolation—was the year that Mr. Lockwood Kipling was transferred from the School of Art in Bombay to Lahore, away up towards the north of India in the Punjab, to become curator of the Art Museum. This move meant that they had to postpone their visit to England, and this was why Rudyard had to wait so long for his release.

He did not recognise it when it came. On the day that his beautiful young mother appeared on the threshold of the House of Desolation and Trixie rushed into her arms, he held back. He was aching to do the same thing, but he was afraid that the Woman would say he was showing off. No matter what the beautiful newcomer

said, or did, he made no response until that evening after he had gone to bed when his mother came to kiss him good-night. Then, not knowing why she had come, he flung up his arm to keep her from striking him. It surprised him to think anyone would hit him in the dark—even the Woman had never done that—and he had forgotten that mothers kiss small sons good-night and sing them to sleep.

What happened next might have come out of a fairy tale. Mrs. Kipling waved a magic wand, so to speak, and hurried her children off towards London.

First, she took Ruddy to an oculist and had him fitted with spectacles. These made him conspicuous, for very few children wore glasses in those days, and getting used to them was a bother, but at least they made the world clear again. There were no more ghosts.

Then the three of them went joyfully off to spend the summer on a farm near Epping Forest in Essex. Ruddy's cousin, Stanley Baldwin, the one who afterwards became Prime Minister of Great Britain, joined them, and the two boys ran wild together, as ten and twelve-year-olds always do when they have a chance. Stanley was ten, Ruddy twelve.

They caught toads, rolled hoops, raked muck heaps to see what was in them, helped with the butchering of pigs, raided the pantry, fought wasps, and in general flung themselves into whatever was going on. The farmer was not pleased when Ruddy taught one of his cows to stand still and be milked in the pasture and his womenfolk did not like it when the boys ate the evening dessert in the middle of the afternoon, but they got into no trouble that the wonderful mother could not straighten out in a minute or two.

When this enchanting time was over Mrs. Kipling took Ruddy and Trixie to a boarding house in London, across the street from the South Kensington Museum, which their father had helped decorate before he went to Bombay. The children had the run of the place, and on rainy days—there were many rainy days—they scampered

across the street to divide its treasures between them, Ruddy claiming this, Trixie claiming that.

It was in one of the cases here that Rudyard first saw an author's manuscript. It was one of Dickens's, and it seemed to him that the man had been very careless and unsure of himself. So many words were scratched out, and so many others written between the lines. He did not yet know the difference between writing as penmanship, as it was taught in school, and writing as a way of putting thoughts down on paper, but from his mother he learned that getting thoughts down on paper or drawing them in pictures was about the most important thing a person could do. She herself wrote for the newspapers in India, and so did his father.

He also discovered that his mother loved words as much as he did and that she never thought he was showing off if he asked questions about them or if he tried writing them out in little stories of his own. She let him read as much as he wanted to (after he had the spectacles this did not hurt his eyes), and on his own account he began to memorise poetry so that he could repeat the lines to himself after he went to bed. He needed something like this, for he never slept soundly.

One night he got up and prowled about the boarding house until dawn; he was in the garden when the sun rose. This was the first of such wanderings, but not the last. The mystery and silence of the night called to something deep within him, and many times afterwards he rose to answer that call. More than once, in countries outside England, it placed his life in danger, but he loved it, and always his favourite part of the day was the hour of sunrise, especially when it came with a southwest wind.

When Mrs. Lockwood Kipling went back to Lahore, she left Ruddy and Trixie with three sweet old ladies who lived near London. They were the daughters of a professor, and their friends, many of whom were also friends of the Burne-Joneses', were mostly writers and painters. They had so many books that even Ruddy could not get through all of them; and they encouraged

him to write or do whatever he pleased, in the hope that they could somehow make up to him for the years with the Woman.

But no one, not even his mother, could do that. The Woman left scars on his soul that never healed. This night not have been true of another boy in his place. A different sort of lad might have dropped those years out of his mind as soon as they were over, but Kipling's mind never dropped anything. It kept all that happened to him in a series of pictures like sharp photographic negatives. At any moment he could "develop" any negative he chose, but for a long time after he left Southsea he was more interested in adding new ones than in going over the old ones.

He was so happy with Trixie and the three old ladies that he took little pleasure in the thought of leaving them, but it was time for him to go away to school. All that he knew of school he had learned while he was with the Woman and he had not liked it. He had no great hopes of the school his mother and father had selected for him, even though it was in charge of his Grange "uncle," Mr. Cormell Price. But since his mother's return he had discovered that the world as a whole is a friendly place, and it was with a friendly smile that he went forth to meet his new adventure.





## WESTWARD HO!

THE school—the United Services College—was at Westward Ho! near the town of Bideford on the west coast of Devonshire, and it was there for two curious reasons. First, a man had written a book, and second, a real-estate venture had failed.

The book was *Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley. It was immensely popular when it was first published, and people have been reading it ever since. Its hero, Amyas Leigh, lived at Bideford and its pages celebrated the great Devonshire seamen of Queen Elizabeth's time: Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir John Howard, Sir Richard Grenville, and Sir Martin Frobisher. Devonshire men every one of them except Martin Frobisher, and he died in Devonshire.

The success of the book inspired a group of real-estate speculators with a plan to make Westward Ho! into a summer resort. They bought land and built houses and advertised, only to discover that England was apparently satisfied with the resorts she already had. The historical



associations, the near-by golf course, one of the oldest in England, the superb view, and the tales of long-ago heroism were not enough. The houses stayed empty, and the place became as dejected and forlorn as only a summer resort can be when there is no one in it.

It happened that during this period of discouragement for the speculators a group of officers in the British service (mainly admirals and generals), who had found the older public schools too expensive for their limited means, decided to establish a school of their own at which their sons could be prepared, no less thoroughly, but much more cheaply, for further training at some such place as the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst or the Royal Engineering College at Woolwich.

The admirals and generals were able to buy a terrace of twelve gaunt houses which the speculators were ready to abandon. The summer-resort advantages—beach, bathing pools, and golf course—were thrown in for nothing. By spending a little more money to knock out partitions and put in partitions and build a corridor and a gymnasium (which could also serve as a chapel), they soon had accommodations for a faculty and two hundred boys. They had another piece of luck in getting Mr. Cornell Price (Ruddy's "Uncle Crom") as headmaster, and at that point their luck stopped.

They had not money enough to endow the school. It had to be made self-supporting. The only way this could be done was by filling it with boys, and it was not easy to get boys. Westward Ho! had no traditions, no distinguished graduates, nothing whatever to attract them but its raw beginnings and its hopes for the future.

Mr. Price brought about a dozen youngsters with him from Haileybury, where he had been teaching, and the founding fathers and their friends loyally despatched their sons from India and Afghanistan, Gibraltar, South Africa, and China, but, at the same time, the officers who could afford it sent their sons to such centres of aristocracy and learning as Eton and Harrow. Westward Ho!, to get as many boys as it needed, had to take what

was left over, and some of the leavings had been turned down or thrown out by other schools.

Most of Mr. Price's student body was made up of ordinary, reasonably well-behaved little boys, but, under the circumstances, it was inevitable that he should have more than his share of brutes. On the principle that one rotten apple spoils a barrel of good ones, it does not take many of this kind to ruin a school. That they did not succeed in ruining the United Services College in its early days was entirely due to the character and ability of Mr. Price.

Mr. Price's ideal boy was one who tried to live by the rules that governed the best of the knights in the Middle Ages. He himself had grown up, with Mr. Burne-Jones, in the big, sprawling, manufacturing city of Birmingham, where he had seen enough of slum life and drunkenness and poverty to know that there was plenty left in the world to be knightly about. The boys at Westward Ho! respected him—most of them loved him—but they made life difficult for him.

In the beginning he committed the error of putting the boys into the dormitories helter-skelter, regardless of age, which gave the big ones unrivalled opportunities for picking on the little ones, but this was soon corrected, and by the time Rudyard arrived, when the school was four years old, the small boys had a house of their own.

Into this house "in the grey, chill January days of 1878 there fluttered a cheery, capering, podgy little fellow, as precocious as ever he could be. Or, rather, a broad smile appeared with a small boy behind it." This description is from one who was there at the time. When the smile was asked its name it said "Kipling." Just that. It was the proper response. First names were taboo, and any boy who admitted that he had one was in for trouble.

"Kipling's" appearance produced a sensation. It was not because he was rather unusual-looking, with his short, square-built body, his close-cropped dark hair, dark complexion and heavy eyebrows, his slightly rounded

shoulders, his deep blue eyes, and his prominent chin with the long cleft down the centre. It was because he wore spectacles! No boy before this had ever appeared at Westward Ho! with glasses over his eyes.

Most respectfully the boys regarded them; most respectfully they handed them around. Most carefully the owner explained how they operated, and it was not long before he had a nickname in their honour—Gig lamps, which in those pre-automobile days was as near as the boys could come to "headlamps" or "headlights." They generally shortened it to Gigs or Gigger. In his *Stalky & Co.* stories Kipling calls himself Beetle (a nickname derived from his rounded shoulders), but only a few used it while he was at Westward Ho!

Kipling's supper that first night was probably cheese and bread and beer. This was the standard supper. The beer, which was mild and tasteless, was considered wholesome, but most of the boys (they called it "swipes") did not care much for it. The food in general was terrible—all the boys who went to Westward Ho! are agreed on that point—but the chief complaint was that, even at its worst, there was never enough of it. Dry bread, when the boys could get it, was a treat.

Kipling was assigned to a bed in the dormitory next to that of a youngster from Ireland named Beresford (those who have read the *Stalky* stories know him as McTurk or Turkey). McTurk, feeling about for common ground, asked about books.

Had Kipling read Scott?

Yes, he knew Scott.

Tennyson?

Yes, he knew Tennyson.

Ruskin?

Ruskin, of course.

Now for a hard one. Did he know Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*?

Yes, even *Fors Clavigera* he knew.

*Fors Clavigera* was an exceedingly highbrow little

magazine which Mr. John Ruskin was writing and publishing at his own expense so as to give himself the pleasure of scolding the British public as much as he liked. No one could understand everything in it (not even Mr. Ruskin), but its general policy was opposition to everything, and McTurk, the Irishman, revelled in it. He had read more than most boys his age—he was about thirteen—and he was interested in pictures and other forms of art. He was therefore a boy with whom Kipling could talk about the things that meant most to him. It looked as if Rudyard might be very happy at Westward Ho!

Few boys ever went into a school with more chances to make themselves unpopular. For instance, when *Fors Clavigera* was mentioned Kipling might have said that Mr. Ruskin had been like a father to his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones. Yes, the Burne-Joneses that everyone was talking about, the friend of William Morris (or rather, Uncle Topsy) and the Rossettis. It would not have been difficult for him to bring into the conversation that Swinburne used to read his poems aloud to the Beloved Aunt before anyone else had heard them or that he had dedicated his first book to Mr. Burne-Jones.

If McTurk had taken his stand for classical art as against modern, Rudyard could have mentioned his cousin Ambrose's father, Mr. Poynter, but Rudyard never cheeped about him, not even when a group of the Westward Ho! boys gathered around to admire one of his paintings on display in the window of a shop in Bideford.

If McTurk or anyone else had praised Carlyle, Rudyard could have told them that the three old ladies with whom he spent his holidays had two clay pipes which Mr. Carlyle had smoked and that the ladies were friends of Miss Christina Rossetti, the poetess, and of Mr. William de Morgan, who was noted for his beautiful stained glass and pottery.

Rudyard might have referred off-handedly to his

wealthy Baldwin relatives, the big coal-and-iron people in Birmingham. He might, in short, have been a most obnoxious little snob. It was not in him. That sort of thing never was in him.

It could not have been pleasant for him to know that he was set apart from his schoolmates. Most of them were training for the army, and whatever Rudyard's ambitions may have been, he must have known, almost at once, that he could never qualify as a soldier.

Nor could he win distinction in athletics, in which, at Westward Ho! as at most other schools, distinction counted most. Cricket and Rugby were compulsory for all the boys, and Westward Ho! had one of the best rugby teams in the west of England, but Rudyard's eyes exempted him from games and kept him from sharing any of the school's athletic triumphs (there were many) except as a spectator.

He did learn to swim, as all the boys did—the school sergeant taught them—and he was a plucky swimmer, but not extraordinary. No one had to know that he was timing his strokes by the rhythm of some of Swinburne's verses. That was the sort of thing one did not confess, even to McTurk.

Before Rudyard had settled into the school routine, he had a visitor whose appearance was almost as much of a miracle as his mother's in Southsea had been. This was his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, who was on his way from Lahore to Paris to take charge of the Indian Section of Arts and Manufactures at the great International Exposition of 1878. He came to Westward Ho! to arrange with Mr. Price for taking Rudyard with him—if Rudyard would promise not to be any trouble.

They crossed the Channel (Ruddy was mortifyingly seasick on the way over) and established themselves in a boarding-house filled with English people, including two boys from Christ's Hospital, the Blue Coat School. With these two Rudyard formed a coalition, and while his father was busy at the Exposition, he and the Blue

Coat boys, to the astonishment of all who beheld them, romped through the city. Even in Paris, even with all the oddities brought in by the Exposition, people turned to look at them, for the Christ's Hospital boys were obliged to wear the bizarre costume of their ancient school, the outstanding features of which were a long blue coat somewhat like an old-fashioned nightgown, blue knee breeches, bright yellow stockings, and square-toed shoes with buckles. Rudyard himself, with his dark hair and pale face and steel-rimmed spectacles, was not an ordinary sight, but the boys did not worry much about how they looked. They were young, they were in Paris, and it was spring.

Rudyard was under no restrictions. His father gave him some money and a pass to the exhibits and told him to amuse himself. When he grew tired of playing in the Bois de Boulogne with his Blue Coat friends, when he grew tired of exploring such parts of Paris as the bookshops and the cathedral of Notre Dame, about which he had read in Victor Hugo's novel, he could always come back to the Exposition.

The head of the Statue of Liberty was there (seven years were to pass before the Lady was placed in New York harbour), and Rudyard, like many others, paid the small fee that was charged to climb up and look through the eyes of Liberty, but it was not the statue that meant Liberty to him. It was Paris. Ever afterwards France to him meant freedom, and some of the happiest holidays of his life were spent in that country. It was the only non-British country he was ever able really to love. He tried hard with some of the others, but it was no use. England was first and France was second. There was no third.

On his father's suggestion he began to study French. Mr. Lookwood Kipling had a way of saying, "If I were you, I should do so and so," or "You might do worse than try this," or, "I think you would enjoy—something else." Never, "Do this," or, "Do that." And, like Rudyard's mother, he was always ready to listen to his

son's questions and answer them. In this way, when they were together in the evenings, Rudyard discovered that a father was a comrade, like one of the boys at school, only a father knew more than they did, or than anyone else in the world.

The hours with his father were all the more precious because they were so few. Mr. Lockwood Kipling could not afford either the time or the money to return often to England, and the intervals between his visits with his son were measured by years, not by weeks or months. The interlude in Paris was soon over, but going back to school was not so bad. McTurk was there, securely his friend, and it must have been about this time that he made another. That other was Stalky, leader of the group of three who became famous as *Stalky & Co.* With him we begin a new chapter.





## STALKY &amp; CO.

STALKY, in a special sense, was one of the boys for whom Westward Ho! was designed. His father, the second in his family to become a major-general in the British army in India (Stalky was to be the third), was one of the founders. Stalky was his only son.

The boy's mother, who for some years had been an invalid, had died when he was ten years old, leaving his father at a loss as to what to do with him, since it was already apparent that the gentle rule of five sisters and a series of governesses and friends of the family was not giving him the discipline he needed. At ten he was not old enough to go to the school—the regulation age for a beginner was thirteen to fourteen—but an exception was made, and to Westward Ho! he went, the youngest boy of all.

He reached there on a "wet, cold, dark afternoon"—all the boys seemed to arrive on wet, cold, dark afternoons—and he was very small, very fat and pink and very scared.



A group of older boys crowded around to ask his name. "Lionel," the poor child had to answer.

The boys cheered. They asked him again, and again, with the friendliest smile imaginable, he answered, "Lionel."

One of the boys kicked him. A newcomer approached.

"Who's the fat little beast?" he asked.

"Lionel!"

Ha, Lionel!

Another boy kicked him.

"Bloated mass of blubber, what's your name?"

"Dunsterville," the child gasped, giving his surname. But the boys kept kicking him, and there was no friendliness in the kicks.

This was back in the worst days of Westward Ho! when the small boys were scattered through the dormitories with the others, when kicking the littlest ones and making savage remarks about their personal appearance were among the mildest of the pastimes of the bullies.

When they grew tired of taunting young Dunsterville with his name, they held him by the ankle out of an upstairs window or tied a rope under his arms and "hanged" him blindfolded over the banisters at the top of five flights of stairs, dropping him when a confederate on the ground floor judged he could fall without killing himself. This agreeable diversion was stopped by the authorities when the confederate, in the case of another victim, miscalculated the distance and the boy broke his leg as he fell.

There is no use in going into all the horrors Stalky had to suffer. A less robust boy could not have lived through them, a less sweet-tempered boy would have been embittered, and a less intelligent boy would never have devised the ways he did to get around his tormentors. Neither he nor any other of the younger boys could have stayed at Westward Ho! if all the older ones had been barbarians or if Mr. Price had not constantly been on guard to rob the bullies of their prey, but Stalky was not happy—no boy was ever happy during his first terms

at the school—and when he was about twelve years old he ran away.

He had a romantic idea of going to sea, but the men on the small boats that came into Bideford harbour laughed at him and told him to get on back to school. He spent two or three days wandering about the neighbourhood, begging bread from the farmers and stealing raw turnips out of the fields, and sleeping at night under the hedges. Hunger finally drove him to surrender.

He expected to be expelled and hoped that it would at least be a dramatic incident, with a bountiful feast as part of the proceedings. He did get something to eat, but Mr. Price punctured all drama out of the escapade by treating it as nothing out of the ordinary. He gave Stalky a public licking, which was the standard punishment for serious infractions of the rules, and that was about all. Stalky's project had failed, but it raised his standing among the other boys. He had not run away, but at least he had tried. That was something.

Stalky had as little spending money as most of his companions, but he was clever enough to find ways of increasing it. He discovered that if he picked up bits of copper which drifted ashore from shipwrecks (wrecks of fishing boats were not uncommon off that coast) he could sell them in Bideford. He learned to make tiny clubs for a game of miniature golf which were readily saleable to the boys who had money enough to buy them; and once, for half a crown, he jumped into one of the swimming pools in all of his Sunday clothes.

He became a master of schoolboy strategy, a leader whom other boys were glad to follow. The nickname, Stalky, by which Kipling made him famous, was a tribute to his skill in this direction. He managed his campaigns the "stalky" way, that is, the elegant way, the expert way, leaving no trace behind, no loose ends that would get him or anyone else into difficulties.

Stalky was an outstanding figure among the younger boys, and some of those who remembered him after they left Westward Ho! remembered Kipling only as his

friend. One of these was a boy from the Highlands of Scotland whose mother had sent him to Westward Ho! (of all places!) in kilts. Stalky was kind to him.

There was no natural congeniality between Stalky and McTurk. They did not become friends until Kipling brought them together, but it took the three of them to form the unbeatable, unbreakable combination known as Stalky & Co. That was Kipling's name for it. McTurk called it the "Gigger set," while Stalky seems not to have bothered to call it anything. During their last terms at Westward Ho! they shared a study together—the celebrated Study No. 5 of the *Stalky* stories. No. 5 was their fortress, their lair, their den, their *sanctum sanctorum*.

Long before they came together in the study each of the boys had the measure of the other two and knew how to make the best of it. They established themselves as not interested in bullying anyone else, and after one or two unsuccessful efforts, the school lost interest in bullying them. Any wrong against one of them was carefully avenged by the three in combination.

Stalky was the acknowledged leader, but he got as much out of No. 5 as he gave to it. Up to this time his reading for pleasure had consisted mainly of cheap adventure stories. Now he, too, began to read *Fors Clavigera* and Carlyle and Whitman. The "Co." had special hideouts, usually out of bounds, where they did their reading. Once they rented a little room from a simple-minded countryman known as Rabbit's Eggs because he had offered for sale six partridge eggs which he said were laid by a rabbit. He saw the rabbit hop out of a bush, he looked under the bush, and there were eggs. Who else could have laid them?

Just as it is related in the book, *Stalky & Co.*, the boys joined the Natural History Society ("Bug and Tick" was their name for it) because the members were permitted to go farther afield than the other boys. None of them had meant to take it seriously, and Kipling could not have done much with small objects without a micros-

cope, but Stalky became an enthusiastic member. He brought in a number of specimens and developed a love of wild flowers which stayed with him the rest of his life.

He and Gigger and McTurk used to stuff books inside their shirts and go off on reading expeditions, which were all the more enjoyable if they carried them into places that were forbidden. In after years one of their paths bore a sign: "Kipling's Walk." Remembering the flying manœuvres of the old days, Stalky, when he saw it, said "Kipling's Run" would have been a better name for it. Stalky was the one who contrived the secret entrances and exits for their hideouts and provided safe conduct, going and coming.

Under the open sky, well hidden from the school sergeant, out of reach of all sounds but the lapping of the waves and the cries of the gulls, Stalky & Co. read Walt Whitman aloud, just as Walt himself, long before this, had read his own books in a "sheltered hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side" on the north shore of Long Island. One wishes Walt could have known that, three thousand miles away, across the wide Atlantic, three English boys were reading his poems the way he wanted them to be read.

Another American book, by Joel Chandler Harris, gave Stalky & Co. in Brer Rabbit a hero after their own hearts and, in Uncle Remus's language, a new and fascinating means of communication. A number of the boys at Westward Ho! had received the Uncle Remus stories as a birthday or Christmas gift, and for a while the whole school talked a mixed Brer Rabbit gibberish. Stalky & Co. adopted Brer Rabbit's song against Brer Fox's goober peas (peanuts) as their war cry:

"Ti-yi! Tungalee!  
I eat um pea, I pick um pea!"

And eat um and pick um they did!

McTurk had a strong natural interest in art and knew more about such matters even than Gigger, with all his

artistic London relatives. To McTurk, therefore, fell the honour of redecorating the study, but it was Stalky who had to provide the funds. Not out of his own pocket, which contained none, but through an auction of their old knickknacks. Stalky conducted the auction with such zeal that he broke the table from which the wares were offered but he was prudent enough to demand payment in cash on the spot for each article as it was bid in; and he was strong-minded enough to keep Gigger and McTurk from squandering all the proceeds on something to eat.

They became collectors, browsing around the shops at Bideford, and, with Ruskin's books as their guide, managed to pick up some only slightly damaged pieces of fine old china for tea service, some old oak carvings, and many other curios. They had advanced extreme poverty as the reason for the auction, and there was much grinding of teeth among those who had made successful bids when they discovered that what Stalky & Co. had actually wanted was to get rid of their old junk. Stalky & Co. laughed, but there were times, and this was one of them, when their popularity with their schoolmates ran low.

Each of them had his own friends outside Study No. 5, and they all took part in other school activities such as amateur theatricals, in which feminine as well as masculine roles were played by the boys. Gigger once had the part of a Mrs. Tittums and Stalky was once "Susan, a maid of all work," but the outstanding performance as a lady was Stalky's interpretation of Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*. The professor who reviewed the play for the school paper felt that sometimes "she" was "a little too conscious of what a vulgar old fool she was," but on the whole congratulated Dunsterville's acting of the part. "J. R. Kipling," in a plum-coloured velvet coat and an eighteenth-century wig (hired from London) was pronounced "capital" as Sir Anthony Absolute, though his voice was not as strong as it might have been. McTurk, with his Irish accent, had an inborn advantag<sub>o</sub>

in the role of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, though the professor felt that he lacked the gaiety "always expected in an Irishman, especially when pistols and powder are about."

All three boys were members of the debating society. Once when the subject was "Resolved that in the opinion of the Society, total abstinence is better than the moderate use of alcohol," Kipling and Mr. Price were among the speakers for the affirmative, McTurk and Mr. Evans, one of the masters, among those for the negative. Kipling's side lost, ten to seven, on the vote of the society.

For all their high jinks, the boys at Westward Ho! worked hard. Even the brutes worked, and, class by class, Mr. Price sent them straight to Sandhurst or Woolwich without having to by-pass them through expensive crammers in London to make them ready for the entrance examinations. He seems to have known what each boy needed and to have made sure that he got it.

What the three in Study No. 5 needed was a chance to educate themselves, and Mr. Price saw that they had it. They spent as little time as possible in preparing their lessons, an enterprise which they carried on under the same co-operative rule that governed their other activities. Kipling did the English and French and hammered the English into Stalky and the French into McTurk. McTurk did the Latin and Stalky the mathematics. Stalky, as an extracurricular activity, tried to teach Gigger to sing. Gigger could write rhymes that would sing themselves, but the gift of song was not in him and Stalky had to give up.

The hours that were theirs to do with as they pleased were the ones that counted most; and the after careers of each of these boys bears witness to the good use they made of their freedom. Stalky, the soldier, found his skill at strategy and diplomacy useful in India, China, France, Armenia, and elsewhere. McTurk, after a false start in engineering in India, returned to England to devote himself to art. Gigger simply kept on the way he had begun; he was launched while he was a schoolboy.

Before he left Devonshire he was a professional writer—that is, he was writing poems and articles for which editors were willing to pay money.





## GIGGER

THE boys knew Gigger was writing. One of Stalky & Co.'s keenest weapons was his pen, for when anyone "incurred their odium," in other words, when anyone made them mad, they could always depend upon Gigger to dash off an insulting "poem" which they could chant aloud at the victim.

The master who most "incurred their odium" was Mr. Crofts, who taught English and the classics. He is the Mr. King of the *Stalky* stories. Kipling could bluff most of the masters. By taking off his spectacles and wiping them and putting them on again, by humming and hawing, and er-er-ering, he could drive most of them into dropping hints that would help him lumber through his recitation, but none of his tricks worked with Mr. Crofts. Kipling could hold his Latin book arm's length or nose length from his eyes and move it backwards and forwards and fumble and hesitate as much as he pleased, but Mr. Crofts gave no quarter. Therefore Kipling learned more from him than he did from



the other masters, and, in time, respected him more.

Mr. Crofts was a sound scholar and a superb teacher, who at his best could fire any class in the school to enthusiasm over a Latin poet (a feat not many teachers have been able to achieve); but, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, he had an ungovernable temper and a rich vocabulary of abuse. Kipling sometimes purposely vexed him for the pleasure of hearing him express himself. He never withered under the tirade. He assumed a bewildered air, as if he did not quite know what was going on, and listened carefully for words he had never heard before. When the storm was over, he raced off to look them up so he could use them himself as soon as he had a chance.

"Otiose," was one of Mr. Croft's favourite observations on the themes that were handed him. To the dictionary, then for *otiose*. "Lazy, futile, useless." But what a handsome way to say it! A good word to remember. All words were good to remember. One never knew when they might come in handy.

Mr. Crofts made "Gigger" into "Gigadibs," and after he threw a book at Kipling's head in one of his fits of anger, the boy knew what he meant. The book was *Men and Women* by Robert Browning, which contains a poem called "Bishop Blougram's Apology." Kipling, instead of throwing the book back, took it off and read it.

In the *Apology*, Gigadibs is a literary man who carries on an argument with the Bishop.

The Bishop begins, "So you despise me, Mr. Gigadibs." This much Mr. Crofts might have said openly, for boys with less intelligence than Kipling do in fact despise masters who have no self-control.

In the poem the Bishop finally silences the literary man, then Browning takes several more verses to prove that both are wrong, but in the long controversy between Kipling and Mr. Crofts neither had the last word.

"Who," Mr. Crofts asked one day in the English class, "is the greatest living poet?"

Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne were the most

famous ones, and so the boys answered Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne.

One of the boys giggled.

"Kipling, sir," he said, and the class roared.

"Well, Gigadibs, what do you think?"

"Whitman, sir."

Mr. Crofts blew up. Of all the writing and all the painting that he found objectionable, the modernism of the Burne-Jones—Pre-Raphaelite—Walt Whitman group was the worst. (Whitman's poems had been introduced to England by friends of the Burne-Joneses'.) Mr. Crofts' dislike was not based upon ignorance. He owned a copy of *Leaves of Grass*, and at this point interrupted himself long enough to go and get it.

To prove to the hilarious class that Whitman was no poet, he read some of the vilest of his lines—some of those that even Whitman's admirers do not excuse—and no doubt felt, when he had finished, that he had disposed of the American monstrosity. But Stalky & Co., by themselves along the seashore, had already learned the noblest parts of Whitman; and nothing Mr. Crofts could do could rob them of that glory.

Kipling may have been showing off when he said Whitman was the greatest living poet, but most critics today would agree with his judgment.

The boy could easily have been, and probably was, Mr. Crofts' favourite pupil. Sometimes they were very close and friendly, as when Kipling translated one of Horace's *Odes* out of the Latin, not into ordinary English, but into broad Devonshire dialect. Mr. Crofts thereupon gave him the run of his bookshelves, which were filled with the English poets—no small privilege, for the school library was as meagre as most of its other appointments—but there were many times when Kipling found it prudent to stay away from Mr. Crofts' books and Mr. Crofts' self.

There were two other libraries to which Kipling had full access, that of the Headmaster, Mr. Price, which consisted mainly of travel books and plays, and that of

the Padre, another of the masters. Reading was a mania with the boy, and when he stopped reading he tried writing.

Prose came hard, perhaps because he used too many of the heavy jewels he picked out of Mr. Crofts' vocabulary, but verse was easy—too easy—and most of his writing was done in rhyme, in imitation of every metre he ran across, from that of the old English ballads to that of *Hiawatha* or *The Heathen Chinee*.

In the summer term of 1881 Mr. Price made Kipling editor of *The United Services Chronicle*, which placed the paper in the hands of Stalky & Co., for, after their custom, they made it a co-operative enterprise. The whole school was invited to contribute, but Stalky & Co., acting directly under Mr. Price, was in charge. This led to merry expeditions to Bideford to supervise the printing, which was done on an old-fashioned press operated by a gas engine. The condition of the shop can be guessed by the fact that one day the engine dropped through the floor into the cellar. It must be added that it did it neatly and efficiently—it never stopped working for a minute.

The editor of the *Chronicle* wrote editorials, stories, verses, notes on the debating society, and almost anything else that was going on, and learned something of the difficulties that confront an author who lives in the midst of his public. When the "public" was displeased with an article, it did not wait to respond with words. It used inkpots and lumps of coal, and Stalky & Co. more than once had to abandon its high plane and descend to the level of the enemy.

One of the masters—it sounds like Mr. Crofts, but the recollections of the boys differ—told Kipling that he was going to be a "scurrilous journalist" (maybe that beautiful word, *scurrilous*, was one he had to look up) and die in an attic. Kipling had the last word on that score, for his writing made him wealthy as well as famous, but Mr. Crofts scored too. He forced him to learn Latin, and this led him into a deep love of Horace. This

love came later, after he was grown up. At Westward Ho ! he hated the Roman poet and everything connected with him.

The feud between master and pupil must not be taken too seriously. Both enjoyed it, and after Kipling left school he sent Mr. Crofts so many marked copies of his articles and stories and poems that they grew into the "Crofts' collection" a fine lot for Kipling collectors. Kipling's best-known tribute to Mr. Crofts is the picture he drew of him as Mr. King in the stories about Stalky & Co. Ill-temper and all, this was generally accepted as an accurate and, on the whole, complimentary, portrait of a classics master in an English public school.

Kipling's greatest triumph at Westward Ho ! came while he was editor of the *Chronicle*, but it had nothing to do with his writing. It was entirely personal ; even Stalky & Co. could not share it. He grew whiskers, such good strong whiskers, that Mr. Crofts made him go to Bidford to get a razor. Stalky & Co. went with him and came near cutting its collective throat trying to learn to shave, but there was no need for it, except for Kipling.

A small moustache flowered upon his lip, but, unlike the bushy moustache of his later years, it did not conceal his mouth. Photographs snapped by Mr. Crofts and drawings made by McTurk show that his mouth was wide and generous. In many of the pictures he is smiling. He laughed a great deal during those years at Westward Ho ! *Stalky & Co.* is full of the sound of it.

Kipling was physically and mentally far in advance of his years, but he was cautious about making a display of it. The proud whiskers anyone could see, and whoever wanted to could read what he had written for the *Chronicle*, but he was doing other work of which Westward Ho ! (except Mr. Price) knew nothing.

It is possible, but not likely, that he told Study No. 5 about the little magazine that his friends, Jenny and May Morris, Uncle Topsy's daughters, and the Burne-Jones cousins, Phil and Margaret, had got up for themselves

and their families. It was called *The Scribbler* and it came out when the editors felt like getting it out from November, 1878, to March, 1880. Kipling contributed to it under the name of Nickson. Nickson was one of the names he used to sign his articles in the *Chronicle*. Gigs was another.

The two others in Study No. 5 knew that he had sold a poem to a newspaper in London because the guinea he was paid for it went into a sumptuous feast for all of them. No other money he ever received, even when he was the highest-paid writer of short stories in the world, gave Kipling the thrill he got from his guinea. He had sent a poem to London, the most exacting literary market in the world, and London had taken it.

What Study No. 5 did not know was that their cherished author had already published a book. Rudyard's father had sent him a stiff-backed manuscript book in which he had drawn a sketch of Browning and Tennyson marching forward, with a schoolboy in spectacles bringing up the rear. This book was private property, and Stalky & Co. respected it as such; it was Gigger's treasure chest into which he put those of his verses that he liked best. Copies were also sent to his mother in Lahore, and it was she who in 1881, when Rudyard was sixteen years old, had twenty-three of them printed in a paper-covered book entitled *Schoolboy Lyrics* and signed Rudyard Kipling. Her own copy was bound not in paper, but in vellum, and had a different title; it was labelled in gold: *Ruddy's Poems*.

*Schoolboy Lyrics* was not for sale, only for distribution among friends, and there was no need to let Westward Ho! into the secret. Copies were quietly sent out from Lahore and from the house of the three old ladies. The book was really not good enough to try to sell to the general public, though the time was to come when collectors would pay more than its weight in gold for it.

On the back of his own copy Kipling printed a couplet of Lord Byron's:

"It's nice to see one's name in print ;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

In doing this he was not fair to himself, for though the verses were trivial, the book was full of promise, and before it was dry from the press Kipling was making good on the promise. The best of his *Westward Ho!* verses are not in it because they were not written until after it was published.

The sonnet for which he was paid a guinea was missing, and so was his own favourite among his Devonshire productions, *Ave Imperatrix!* (*Hail Empress!*), which was written in thankfulness after Victoria's escape from death at the hands of an assassin who fired into the carriage in which she was riding. It was a close call, and Kipling was stirred to the depths of his soul.

The poem came to him, inconveniently, when he was in French class. Nothing daunted, he wrote it down in the back of his text-book and it duly appeared in the *Chronicle* on March 20, 1882. The poem took the form of a greeting from the school. It gave thanks for the Queen's preservation and promised her that the boys at *Westward Ho!*, like their fathers before them, would be ready when she called them—ready to fight and die for the English flag.

This was Kipling's first salute to the Empire, but another poem soon afterwards showed the imperial turn his mind was taking. During his holidays at the house of the three old ladies he had read the military despatches sent from India by Arthur Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington and the hero of the Battle of Waterloo). Wellesley's greatest single exploit in India was the Battle of Assaye, in which on September 23, 1803, he faced a strongly entrenched native army, outnumbering his ten to one. He lost more than a third of his men, but gained the most complete victory the British up to that time had won in India. As Kipling read the despatches, his mind filled in the details, and when, during his last term at *Westward Ho!*, Mr. Price offered a price

for poetry, the boy let himself go in a long one in praise of the men who had fought at Assaye. Many years later he said he won the prize because no one else tried for it, but, again, he was unfair to himself. There is no doubt that the award would have been the same if every boy in Westward Ho! had written a poem. Few other schoolboys anywhere could have done so well.

If one knew nothing about Mr. Price's relations with the other boys, one would be forced to conclude that Rudyard was teacher's pet. Mr. Price had many reasons for being fond of him. He was an old friend of his mother's and father's and of the Beloved Aunt's and her husband's, and he treated the boy like a son. Once, when Rudyard was ill, he took him into his own home and kept him for several weeks until he was well again. But there was no boy in the entire student body who ever accused the Headmaster of making a favourite of Kipling or of anyone else.

Kipling said he owed Mr. Price more than all the rest of the boys put together, but some of them could have disputed this claim. There was at least one among those others who owed his life to the Headmaster. When this one lay apparently choking to death from diphtheria, Mr. Price, knowing perfectly the danger he ran of contracting the disease himself, sucked the infection from the boy's throat through a tube. In the days before the development of the diphtheria antitoxin this was the only thing to do, but it was so risky that there were not many willing to do it. How the boys would have felt about it if they had known is told in "A Little Prep," in *Stalky & Co.*, which ends with the victory song:

It's a way we have in the Army,  
It's a way we have in the Navy,  
It's a way we have in the Public Schools,  
Which nobody can deny!

But the boys knew nothing about it until many years afterwards.

Mr. Price was constantly helping Rudyard to develop self-confidence, yet constantly checking him when he was bumptious. It was Mr. Price, as he confessed afterwards, who was behind the remark about Kipling's becoming a scurrilous journalist (no matter which of the professors made it). That was a warning. But it was Mr. Price, also, who told him, when he gave him the book which was the prize for *The Battle of Assaye*, that if he kept on as he had begun he would be heard from again.

Mr. Price had already told him that he was to have a chance to prove himself. On the strength of what he had written at school, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, thousands of miles away, had got him a job as sub-editor on the *Civil & Military Gazette*, which was published daily in Lahore. His salary was to be one hundred silver rupees (about £7 a month) and he was to live with his family.

His excitement over this may have been the inspiration of the guinea sonnet. The sonnet was called *Two Lives*, and referred to his own two lives.

One was his life of toil (schoolwork), the other was his life of dreams. And he knew already that it was in his power to give shape to some of his dreams.

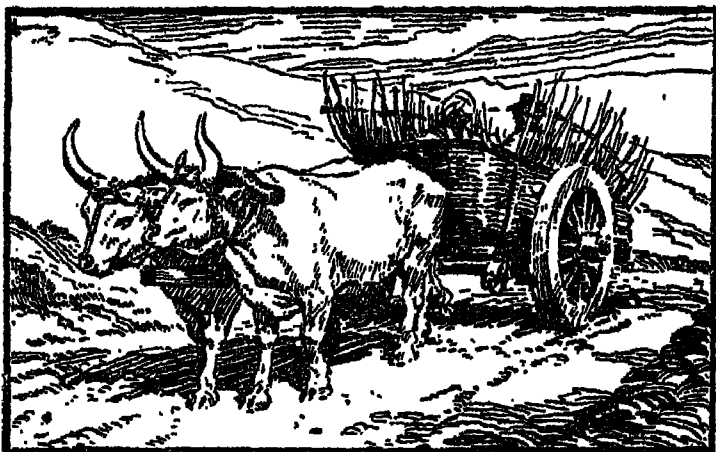
Kipling's departure from Westward Ho! in July, 1882, broke up the firm of Stalky & Co. McTurk took flight next to enter Cooper's Hill Engineering College, and a year later Stalky passed the army entrance examination and went into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

Late that summer Rudyard spent a few days with the Burne-Joneses in a holiday cottage they had acquired at Rottingdean-by-the-sea. Then he set out for India, which he had not seen for ten years. He reached Bombay on the eighteenth of October, and there, in the midst of the once familiar sights and sounds and smells, he found himself speaking Hindustani, without, at first, remembering what the words meant. Then it all came back, but still he was not at home. Home was more



than a thousand miles away across the Rajputana desert. Home was in Lahore. Home was in the Punjab. Home was in a place he had never seen. It took him two or three more days to get there.





## KIPLING SAHIB

SKIP over the delirious joy of that arrival (it is none of our business) and behold him now, a few months later.

He is at home in his father's house where he has a room of his own ; he has a servant of his own, a Punjabi Mohammedan, Kadir Baksh, to shave him before he wakes, to prepare his bath, to help him into his clothes and out of them, to go with him wherever he goes, and to attend him at every turn. He has his own horse and carriage, his own groom, his own job. He is not yet seventeen years old, but he is no longer Ruddy-baba or even Rudyard. He is Kipling Sahib. He is a prince.

His background is the ancient and once royal city of Lahore, many times conquered and reconquered, filled with the palaces and tombs of unforgotten kings and their wives—many wives for every king. It is the capital of the Punjab, the land of the Five Rivers, the centre of art and learning, not only of the province but

of the whole of Northern India, and Mr. Lockwood Kipling is a man of high distinction there.

For every year that his son has lived, Mr. Kipling has had a year of experience in India, and as director of the Lahore Museum, the "Wonder House," as the natives call it (it is described in the opening pages of *Kim*), he is sought out by all who are interested in the art and religion of the country. He is an authority on mythological Indian sculptures, a mine of information on Indian affairs. He is *the* Mr. Kipling.

He is a lover of animals and a keen observer of their ways, a gentle soul who takes no part in popular English sports like pig-sticking and tiger-hunting. He is a delightful companion, with a much wider tolerance for all sorts of people than his son was ever to have, and his home is a centre of hospitality and kindness. He is an excellent story-teller and his wife is noted for her wit and charm.

Charm is difficult to describe, but some inkling of what Mrs. Kipling was like can be guessed from the way the boys accepted her on her one visit to Rudyard at Westward Ho! Like most other schoolboys, these felt that parents should neither be seen nor heard, but their rules went by the board with Gigger's mother. Even the dour McTurk was captivated by her engaging manners.

Such parents are all the most exacting young man could ask, but there is still another in the family. Trixie is with them, almost a young lady and startlingly beautiful, not yet old enough to make her debut into Anglo-Indian society, but gay and vivacious, like Mrs. Kipling, and able to teach her brother a thing or two—dancing for instance.

Trixie can be as frivolous as any other pretty English girl in India, but, best of all, she can hold her own in that brilliant family circle. Her memory for poetry is as good as her brother's (to a visitor it seemed that she knew all Shakespeare by heart) and she can turn out as neat a jingle as any of the rest of them.

Not one of the Kiplings asked for more than they had.

Now that they were all at home together, they knew what was meant by a cup of joy full to the brim and running over.

Now for the other side of the picture.

In spite of his experience on the *Chronicle*, the young *Sahib*, as he assumed his duties on the *Civil & Military Gazette*, discovered within himself a most amazing fund of ignorance about editing a daily paper. There was only one other on the editorial staff, but that one, Mr. Stephen Wheeler, was in full charge. What he wanted in his assistant was not flights of fancy, but accuracy; not excursions into Devonshire dialect, but straight hewing to the line, sticking to the point, and following the routine. There was no time for decorations; as it was, they had to work between ten and fifteen hours a day.

Kipling had most of the proof-reading, a task made trebly difficult by the fact that the type-setters were Hindus, most of whom could not read a word of the copy before them. Typographical errors abounded, and they were not always amusing, though sometimes they were. Kipling's sister has written of how they laughed over what the Hindus did to the title of one of her mother's poems: Mrs. Kipling called it "Parted"; the Hindus made it "Putrid."

The young editor also had to digest long, dull government reports into readable articles and put snappy headlines over them. He had to prepare telegrams for the press, make extracts from foreign despatches, and write odd paragraphs as they were needed. There was no dashing about the country for "scoops"; it was a desk job. And it was an all-the-year-around job.

In April his mother and sister (like all European women in Lahore) went to the hills, usually to Simla, the summer capital of the Indian empire. His father followed them soon afterwards, but Rudyard had to stay until such time as he could be spared. His vacation lasted a month.

Up to this point, in spite of the office drill, he seems a pampered favourite of fortune. So nearly everyone .

thought of the Anglo-Indians in Lahore if they saw them only in the "cold weather," and foreigners who reached the city during this season felt they had come to Paradise. Most of them left before summer came.

Many people have tried to put down in words what it was like to live in Lahore during the hot weather. Kipling himself did it admirably in a number of his short stories, in his sketch, *The City of Dreadful Night*, and in his poem, "Pagett, M.P.," but Kipling is not the only one. Here is the record of a young Canadian who, some years after Kipling had left India, went to Lahore to teach in the Punjab University. In his letters home, written without thought of literary effect, he has left a story which is typical of thousands that might be told.

He reached Lahore in November. Flowers were blooming and the weather was delightfully cool. He was entranced with the blue of the sky and the gold of the sunsets, the bright picturesque costumes of the natives and the scenes in their daily life that seemed to have come straight out of the Bible—women carrying water jars to the wells, men astride donkeys, baggage camels stalking solemnly through the gates of the city—"this wonderful place," he wrote.

In December it was even more wonderful. Roses and violets were blooming at Christmas, and there was a special holiday feeling in the air, for the white people rode in from all the outstations for the festivities. The big feature of Anglo-Indian life at Lahore was the Christmas celebration.

In January, with fires in his grate, he found himself unable to believe stories of intolerable heat, and to friends who had warned him against the climate of India he wrote that he was sure that if he took care of himself he would continue to be as well off there as he could be anywhere else in the world.

By February he had decided that the general happiness in India was greater than in western countries because the sunny skies naturally disposed one's heart to gladness. And luxury was so cheap! Even on a professor's salary

one could have half a dozen servants.

In March he was delighted to see "ever so many new kinds of birds" coming back from their migrations, but he went off on a brief trip to the hills this month and did not know in full what it was like in Lahore.

When he came back in April he discovered that *punkahs*, those big fans that swing from the ceiling and are operated by coolies, had been put up in his bungalow. They made the rooms seem small and stuffy, and the wonderful sky had become dull.

Soon afterwards he was swollen from mosquito bites. The temperature had been around 160° F. in the sun, 103° F. in the shade, and there was small-pox in the city. There were not so many flowers, and as the young professor rode back from his office at noon the air against his face was like a blast from a furnace.

By the twentieth of May relief had come. Showers had cooled the atmosphere, but a few days later he was caught in a dust storm that darkened the world and he had learned that the unseasonable coolness bred fever. Two of his friends were down with typhoid. Before the month was up he himself had a fever and cold and other friends had taken him into their home to look after him. The illness left him very weak. Danger from snakes had increased, especially from the small brown *karaitis*—readers of the *Jungle Book* remember that Rikki-Tikki-Tavi killed one of these before he tackled Nag and Nagaina—though there were others equally deadly.

The heat continued through June. *Punkah* coolies operated the fans night and day, but the room stayed like an oven. More dust storms billowed in from the great plains. The wind roared and the heat became more than ever unbearable. Some of the students at the university asked for leave and the Mohammedans prayed for rain. The professor longed desperately for woods with wild flowers in them—there were no flowers in Lahore—for a lake, a sail, a canoe. He stayed indoors when the sun was high. At night the temperature was always above 100° F. and the coolies, seated cross-

legged on the floor, kept the fans going.

In July there were more showers, followed by delightful coolness. The thermometer registered only 81° F. Cholera had broken out in Lahore and there was a great deal of fever. Before August came—and August, if possible, was worse than the preceding month—he had gone to Kashmir for a holiday. He stayed away until October. Twice during the holiday he had fever.

That is what it is like to spend the summer in Lahore. The young Canadian—his name was Alfred William Stratton—did it as long as he lived. He never lost courage, but in less than three years he was dead of the fevers that had ravaged him. It was a pity, for he was a scholar of great promise and much had been expected of him.

Death hovered always in the background. The big cantonment at Mian Nir a few miles out of Lahore was pleasantly known as the "Graveyard of India." Soldiers there, enlisted men and officers alike, and friends of Kipling's in both groups, died of typhoid and cholera and dysentery, the same scourges that made the members of the Anglo-Indian community so careful to keep check on one another. If one was ill the others looked after him.

Kipling suffered regularly from prickly heat and he had his share of dysentery and fever. Once he brought the paper out alone when his temperature was 104° F. and his head was spinning with delirium. But this side of his life must not be over-emphasised. He suffered from the climate and lack of sanitation, but no more than most of the white community, and not so much as many of the others. When he was unable to sleep, the old call of the night came and he rose to answer it, wandering alone about the city until dawn, dropping into whatever places were open. These were many in the native quarters during the hot weather, for the natives, wiser than the imported Englishmen, stayed passive during the day and saved their activities until night. Kipling visited their opium dens, their gambling places and liquor

shops, their dances and puppet shows, greedy everywhere for information. If a policeman who did not recognise him stopped him to ask what he was up to, all he needed was to mention the *Civil & Military Gazette* or to say he was the son of his father. Mr. Lockwood Kipling's name meant something in Lahore.

For companionship of his own kind he had the Punjab Club, of which he became a member soon after he reached Lahore. Here men gathered from all over India to talk shop, swap stories, complain about the weather and, pointedly, about the *Gazette*. What made conversation here and elsewhere in India more interesting than in many other parts of the world was that the people talked shop. A forestry expert, trained in France or Germany and working in India, talked forests. Bridge builders talked bridge building. Men who had conducted famine relief told how it was done, and men who were heads of native districts told about their special problems.

Kipling made friends with the soldiers at Fort Lahore (the Fort Amara of his stories) and at Mian Mir and after a time he joined the Freemasons at the Lodge of Hope and Perseverance 782 E.C. (it is now the Rudyard Kipling Lodge and owns a gavel which he sent them) and found there even wider opportunities than the Punjab Club offered. Hindus, Sikhs, and Jews were Masons, and they were part of a brotherhood that was world-wide. Kipling loved brotherhoods, and to the end of his life kept hoping to find one that was big enough to include all men of good faith and goodwill. But being a member of one brotherhood did not interfere with his sympathy for others. It was in India where he saw them at work that he developed his admiration for the lassies of the Salvation Army and the priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

When he had proved to Mr. Wheeler that he could handle the office routine he was sent out to cover local happenings, like horse-racing, bridge openings, festivals, racing meets, murders, divorces, army reviews, and riots. Riots were always trembling in the air, for while the native population of Lahore was more than half Mohammedan



there were many Hindus, and, especially during religious festivals, there was apt to be trouble. Kipling's affections tended towards the Mohammedans (in spite of Meeta, who had been a Hindu), but this may have been because of his fondness for Kadir Baksh and for Rukn Din, the green-turbaned Mohammedan foreman of the press-room at the *Gazette*.

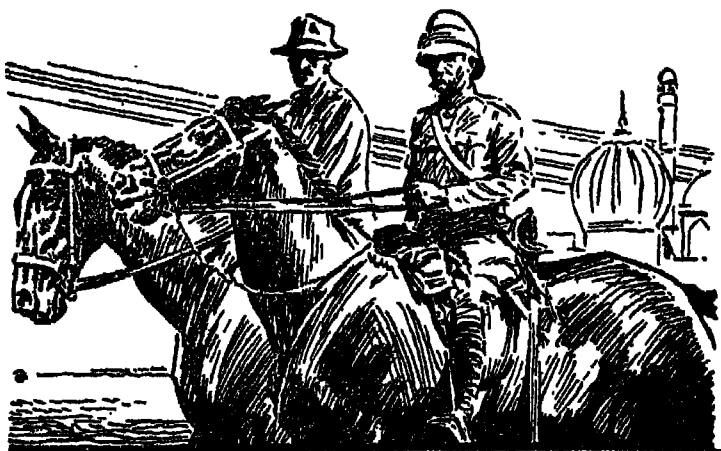
After a while the time came for his vacation. This he usually spent at Simla, which was less than a hundred miles away, but as yet unconnected with the rest of India by railway. Rudyard began his journey on a train and ended it in a tonga cart. Lahore had been a new world for him, but Simla, which in those days had the reputation of being the most fashionable place in the world, was like nothing else on earth. The time came when there were so many in Simla trying to get something out of somebody else that it was said you could not hear your own voice for the sound of the grinding of axes, but the same person who reported this said that the community, as a whole, was the "brightest, wittiest, and most refined" he had ever known.

This again was because of the shop talk. Anyone who listened could learn at first-hand from the men who had fought against the wild Afghan tribes that fringed the north of India, from those who had studied the possibilities of a Russian attack through the Khyber Pass, or from those who had worked in salt mines or art, from those who had seen ghosts or had studied native customs. All that made up the bright-coloured fabric of the life they were living was thrashed out in Simla.

In the whole of India there was no better place for observing what was going on, and Rudyard was making the most of his opportunities. Looking back upon it now, one wonders if the ladies might not have been somewhat more discreet in their flirtations if they had known what keen eyes were watching them behind those glittering, thick glasses. Rudyard had his mother and sister to check him if he went wrong on any point concerning the petty warfare the ladies were waging among

themselves, but he was in the middle of it, and, from what has been said, was able to hold his own, not only at the club, but also in the ballroom where it was as important to know how to flirt as it was to know how to dance.

The young man was not unmindful of the natural beauty around him—the honeysuckles and wild roses and the mountains—or of the amusement furnished by the grey apes who descended upon the town to steal soap or wedding cakes or anything else that was left unguarded—but what interested him most was the people and what he liked best about his holiday from the *Gazette* was that it gave him perfect freedom for thirty days to write exactly as he pleased. Everything about him was crying to be put down in words, and he was putting it down as fast as he could.



### "CLEVER PUP"

TRIXIE was his partner in the first book he printed after his return to India. In the evenings, when they were left together alone in Lahore, the brother and sister amused themselves by writing rhymes in imitation of Tennyson, Longfellow, Burns, Keats, Browning, and other poets. These were gathered up in *Echoes* (another prize for collectors) signed "By Two Writers." It was reviewed as far-off as Calcutta, where it was declared to be "a most quaint, original and altogether charming little volume of Anglo-Indian verse," but it could not much have pleased the young authors to be called "two children" and referred to as "these two little ones." Kipling was nineteen, his sister only three years younger.

The next book was a family affair. In the cold weather of 1885 all the Kiplings put their heads together and wrote *Quartette, the Christmas Annual of the "Civil & Military Gazette"* signed "By Four Anglo-Indian Writers." The book appeared on the eve of Rudyard's twentieth birthday, and the most remarkable item in

it was "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," a ghost story of his which for more than fifty years has kept a high place in the ranks of the greatest ghost stories that have ever been written. On some of the other pieces the Kiplings worked so much together that afterwards not one of them could be sure who had written which.

Rudyard, in the meantime, in spite of the uncongenial atmosphere in which he worked on the *Gazette*, had made good on the routine and, almost by accident, had found an outlet for his verse. One day, when material was needed to fill a column, he put in one of his rhymes instead of a prose paragraph, and after that, whenever there was leftover space, he filled it with what the Mahommedan foreman, Rukn Din, called his "potery." Rukn Din was one of Kipling's earliest admirers, but his judgments were not literary. He liked the verses because they made the *Gazette's* columns come out even.

Most of Kipling's rhymes were light-hearted jibes at something that had amused him in the life around him, and the Anglo-Indians, recognising themselves, grinned when they read them. The rhymes might not be high-class poetry (some of the readers had no more literary judgment than Rukn Din), but they were true, and they had such good thumping rhythms that men around camp fires began plucking out accompaniments on the banjo and singing them.

It was not long before they asked for a book of them, and this Kipling was only too willing to supply. No difficulties stood in his way. He did not even have to look for a publisher. He could be his own publisher (as Walt Whitman had been with *Leaves of Grass*). Rukn Din would be glad to supervise the printing after the *Gazette's* working hours.

In this way there came into being Rudyard's first book since *Schoolboy Lyrics*, written "all by himself." It was ingeniously made up to look like an official government envelope. The pages were wire-stitched at the back, and the tan envelope that covered them

was tied around the middle with red tape. As an example of bookmaking it was about as flimsy as it could be, but neither the happy author who wrote it nor the Mohammedan foreman who printed it knew that.

The author called it *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses* and addressed it: "To All Heads of Departments and all Anglo-Indians, from Rudyard Kipling, Assistant, Department of Public Journalism, Lahore District." Then he spread reply postcards all over India announcing that it was ready. In a few weeks every copy was sold and there was a demand for more.

The next edition had to be turned over to someone who knew more about making books. The wire-stitching at the back had torn the pages and the tape had torn the cover. The second edition and all that came after until it reached London were published by Thacker, Spink & Co. of Calcutta. Every edition was bigger than the one that preceded it. Kipling was always writing, and if the new poems were not "departmental ditties," they were at least "other poems."

During the years he was on the *Gazette* Kipling had the privilege, and a most valuable one it was, of sending elsewhere everything he wrote that the *Gazette* did not want. In this way he became known to the readers of every important newspaper in India, and when in the Allahabad *Pioneer*, the really big paper owned by the *Gazette* management, there appeared verses signed "K.R.", subscribers took for granted that the signature was a misprint for "R.K."

"R.K.", who knew better, sent a friendly note to the newcomer to say that he was getting credit for verses he had not written, and "K.R." replied in an equally friendly note, disclosing himself as Mr. Kay Robinson, who had but lately come out to India. He had heard of the Kiplings (most Anglo-Indians had heard of them), and on a visit to Lahore soon after this he found them (as most people did) an extraordinarily interesting family, the most attractive member of which (most people were agreed on this too) was Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

Mr. Robinson found Rudyard dissatisfied with his position on the *Gazette*, but determined to stick to it. For one thing, Mr. Wheeler had hired him when he was so ignorant that he was more of a handicap than a help; it would not be fair to leave now that he was beginning to be useful.

He had been steadily rising as a newspaper man, and by the time he was nineteen years old Kipling had been considered important enough to bribe. One of the native rulers who wanted more guns in his salute when he came into British territory tried it (needless to say, without success) with fruits and rupees and a Cashmere shawl. By the time he was twenty Kipling knew what it was like to be shot at with intent to kill. A native vagabond in the Khyber Pass, who had nothing against him personally, but did not like the British, took aim at him. The man's bad marksmanship was all that saved Kipling.

The worst that had happened to him was the Punjab Club's turning against him, for this club, when his family was in the Hills, was nearly all the social life he had. The hostility rose when the Viceroy sponsored a bill which, among other provisions, would have given Hindus the right to try European women in their courts; the whole Anglo-Indian community, knowing the Hindu contempt for women, rose in revolt. The *Gazette* sided first with the women; then under pressure, with the Viceroy.

On the night the paper appeared indicating that its policy had switched, Kipling was hissed as he entered the club. He had paid so little attention to the political features of the *Gazette* that, though he knew vaguely that it had swapped sides, he did not, at first, connect the demonstration with himself. They were, in reality, hissing the *Gazette*, but Kipling, so far as the club was concerned, was the *Gazette*.

That evening taught him many things that were not pleasant to know. This was serious, this was adult, and there was no Stalky & Co. behind him. He

stood alone. An older man stopped the hissing by reminding the others that the "boy," that Kipling was not responsible; he was doing what he was paid to do. He was not a free man, he was a hireling. This aspect of his job had not occurred to him, but he could not deny it. Someone else pointed out that the reason the paper had gone over to the Viceroy was that its press had the government printing contract and did not want to lose it.

Kipling could never have the same respect for the management after this, but though they were not always moved by the highest motives, the owners of the *Gazette* and the *Pioneer* were not stupid; and watching from Allahabad, they were as dissatisfied with their little paper in Lahore as Kipling was with his position on it. The *Gazette* was dull. In an effort to get some sparkle into it the managers, towards the end of 1886, sent Mr. Robinson up to become editor in place of Mr. Wheeler.

This took the lid off. The powers had commanded sparkle, and both "R.K." and "K.R." were ready to give it. They opened a bottle of champagne, gave whoops of joy, and set to work. Mr. Robinson, who was editor-in-chief during the rest of Kipling's term of service in Lahore, remembered his assistant best as laughing, his whole body shaking with it, while tears of pure joy ran down his cheeks, as he wiped his spectacles, all clouded with mirth.

The work was as hard as ever—during reorganisation even harder—but laughter sweetened everything. Rudyard toiled with such a will that Mr. Robinson said he was convinced that the way to get a man who would cheerfully do as much in the office as could be expected of three men was to harness a young genius. (Other editors with their geniuses have not agreed with him, but Kipling had a conscience that would never let him shirk anything he thought was his duty.)

Kipling moved quickly—nearly everyone who has ever written or spoken of him has remarked upon the incredible quickness of his movements—and in those days

he splashed ink about with a lavish hand. He used fine black India ink which was especially ground for him, but not all of it went on paper. Anyone who came near him was apt to get a sprinkling, and by the time the day's work was over he himself was "spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog."

He and Mr. Robinson changed the form of the *Gazette*, and, among other novelties, provided for a short story beginning on the outermost column of the first page and ending in the first column of the second page. Because of their position, these stories were aptly called "turnovers." Pretty soon Rudyard was writing "turnovers" as well as verse, in addition to his regular editorial work.

Those were rushing days, and what envy Kipling had (if there was time for any) was reserved for his friends in active service in the army. Youngsters from Westward Ho! were all over India, and in the unhealthy cantonments and the border wars were giving up their lives for their country as, in *Ave Imperatrix!*, Kipling had promised they would.

McTurk was out there for a while in the engineering service, and in 1885 (the year *Quartet* was published) Stalky turned up in Lahore to spend a day with Gigger on his way, a month late, to join his regiment in Rawal Pindi, farther up in the Punjab, even nearer to the dangerous northern frontier where the Afghans lived.

Stalky was late because he had had rheumatic fever. He had been out of Sandhurst a year. Six months of it he had spent in Malta, drilling new recruits and learning army etiquette the hard way by making mistakes and being ragged for them by his mess. From Malta he had gone to Cairo, where he had nearly come to grief in gambling dens. From there he had gone to Suez to more gambling dens, but by this time he was a wiser young man to deal with them. From Suez he had gone to Suakim on the east coast of Africa, where he laid the foundation for rheumatic fever by sleeping on a wet mat with the hot desert wind blowing over



him. This had kept him cool, but the fever made him feel that it was not worth the price. He had already passed his examination in Urdu and was about to begin the study of the Punjabi, Pushtu, and Persian languages—all of which were to be of service in the distinguished army career that lay ahead of him.

Aside from his friends, Kipling had found two special heroes among the British soldiers. One was the common private, Thomas Atkins, or Tommy, as he was more generally called. Kipling was under no illusions about Tommy's character—he knew he was more apt than not to be a blackguard—but he had seen his superb endurance at Fort Lahore and Mian Mir in peace and in war. The whole world was ready to call Tommy a hero so long as there was fighting to be done, but even more ready to neglect him when the fighting was over. Respectable serving maids in England at this period thought twice before they ventured on to the street in company of a private.

Kipling wanted to show the Empire how much of its strength depended upon these red-coated shoulders, but instead of writing long preachments which nobody would read, he created three Tommies typical of the rest—Mulvaney, a swaggering Irishman, 'Ortheris, a London Cockney, and Learoyd, Yorkshireman (Kipling's father was from Yorkshire). "Soldiers Three" they were, and their working agreement was not unlike that of Stalky & Co. In all things they acted together, and most of their escapades had the true Stalky touch in that they left no trail that authorities could follow. The only man in the army smart enough to catch them was the commander-in-chief—they called him "Bobs" or "The Little Man"—and they were careful to stay out of his way.

Bobs was Lord Frederick Roberts, Kipling's other hero; in fact, the Empire's hero, for at that time he was, without question, the ablest, as he was the most celebrated, officer in the British army. He was by birth an Anglo-Indian, and, like most of his kind,

educated in England. After Eton and Sandhurst he had in 1851 joined the Bengal Artillery. During the Mutiny, still little more than "a boy on horseback," he had won the Victoria Cross for two almost simultaneous acts of bravery, either of which would have brought him the award. He had later brought the Afghan wars to a successful conclusion, performing at the last a march—which no one believed possible—from Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, to Kandahar, 300 miles away. This feat is still remembered in military history.

After this march England knew that Roberts was the man to depend upon. She had already in 1881, when it seemed that the British were getting the worst of it in their first armed conflict with the Boers, snatched him out of the Indian service and sent him to South Africa. Peace was made before he reached the Cape, but this was a dress rehearsal for what came later. Before the century had ended Lord Roberts was called upon to save South Africa for the Empire.

Lord Roberts was one of those men who is everybody's hero. When "The Little Man" came into a room women said, "What a dear!" or "what a darling!" and men stood to attention. His soldiers adored him. During the interval of peace when Kipling knew him in India, he was reorganising the frontier defence forces and fighting for better conditions for his men. He was the big hero, Bobs *Bahadur*—no Viceroy could touch him. The proudest moment of Kipling's life in India was when he rode up the Simla Mall beside him (no one had such fiery horses as Bobs or rode them so well) while the commander-in-chief asked him what the men in the ranks thought of their accommodations. Lord Roberts, who had eyes and ears everywhere, was well acquainted with the Mulvaney trio. Moreover, he knew an ally when he saw one, and his alliance with Kipling never failed. Years afterwards they were to meet again in South Africa under far less happy skies than those above them in Simla.

Yet, for all his admiration, Kipling was no more blind to the faults of "The Little Man" than he was to Tommy's, and he came near to getting himself and his paper (by this time the *Pioneer*) into serious trouble by saying plainly in verse what the editor was saying guardedly in prose and everyone was whispering; namely, that Lord Roberts was putting too many of his friends and relatives into positions of high military authority. It was clear that the "clever pup," as Mr. Wheeler had once called Kipling, still needed handling.

Kipling was transferred to the *Pioneer* towards the end of 1887. This was a promotion, but he was not fated to be happy in Allahabad. In the first place, his health was breaking under the combined strain of overwork and the climate. In the second place, on the *Pioneer* he was no longer the trusted first lieutenant of a frolicsome superior, he was again a raw beginner, in an atmosphere more serious than the one in which he had worked under Mr. Wheeler. The *Pioneer*, as befitted the most important newspaper in India, conducted itself with the utmost gravity and left no room for playfulness.

But Kipling (these are Mr. Robinson's words) had the "buoyancy of a cork," and the *Pioneer*, in comparison with the *Gazette*, offered unlimited space for his writings. It also offered (but this was the young man's secret) release from bondage.



## DOUBLE LIFE

BEFORE he went to Allahabad Kipling had made up his mind to leave India. The final decision (but not the details of how it was to be managed) came on a night during one of the hot weathers when he was alone in Lahore. It was at the end of a long sickness. Because he never made a public display of it, which is a temptation few authors can resist, the world has not yet realised how much of Kipling's life was spent struggling against bad health. Before he was twenty the inescapable fevers and heat, indigestion and dysentery of India left their permanent mark upon him.

On the night in question he was reading a novel by Sir Walter Besant. It was called *All in a Garden Fair*, and it seemed to have been written especially for him. One of its heroes (Sir Walter liked to have two or three) was a young man who at the age of eighteen had, like Kipling, "the stoop of those who read." His reading, and he read everything, carried him beyond the world of drudgery in which he had to earn his living and led

him to believe that he, too, could be a writer. He wanted to make good in London, where so many have failed, but where "the pavement is worn with the steps of those who have succeeded." He meant to succeed, and finally achieved his ambition by writing truthfully and lovingly about the lives of people he had known.

There is a passage in the novel about the early stages of his career when he is leading "two lives," one dull and mean, the other dreamlike and enchanting. Kipling was in the same position. His ambitions had gone so far beyond his opportunities that life was a burden, but there was no reason why he should not break away from it and go to London to measure himself against the giants there—no reason, except that he did not have money enough. *All in a Garden Fair* gave him a lifeline, and during the rest of his time in India he never let it go.

So far as an appreciative public went, he already had in his mother and father the one he cared for most. As long as they lived this was true. Merely being with them helped smooth out his ideas into the shape he wanted them to take; sometimes, in fact, to smooth them out of existence. There were certain kinds of he-and-she stories to which his mother objected, and his father put his foot down when he discovered his son reviewing one of Browning's later volumes of poetry.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling, an artist and a craftsman himself, had too much respect for the old poet to let a young whippersnapper sit in judgment upon him, even if the whippersnapper was his own well-beloved son. Rudyard never forgot this. No author has ever been more generous in praise of other authors, none more parsimonious in finding fault.

All this time Rudyard had steadily been improving in his handling of the technical problems that have to be solved by the writer of short stories. The restricted space at his disposal on the *Gazette* had taught him something that many story-tellers never learn. Stretching

the space was out of the question; the story had to fit. If in the first writing (as nearly always happened) it was too long, Kipling cut it and rewrote it and cut it again. He learned to do without preliminaries, to begin at once on the story itself, put it down in as few words as possible, and stop when it was finished. (This is one of the great secrets of successful short-story writing, but there are not many who know it or who, knowing it, can do it.) The result was that Kipling's stories moved with a zest and liveliness which was entirely fresh in the world of daily journalism.

Stories that could not be told within the *Gazette* limits he had to publish elsewhere. "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" in *Quartette* had been one of these, and he had many others in mind. The weekly edition of the *Pioneer* of which he was now editor, gave him room for some of them. The plan of the owners had been to buy fiction from established authors like Bret Harte, but this seemed a pity, and wasteful besides, when there was a young man already on the ground willing to supply stories in any amount, in any variety.

Soon after Kipling went to Allahabad the same publisher in Calcutta who had brought out the second edition of *Departmental Ditties* sponsored his first book of prose. It was a collection of "turnovers," and since most of them were about the goings-on at Simla, it was called *Plain Tales from the Hills*. This was the volume that took Rudyard's reputation out of India and into the world.

Two characters in it became famous and were afterwards used in longer stories. One was Mrs. Hauksbee "the cleverest woman in India," who was in the middle of all the best intrigue in Simla. The other was Mulvaney. More famous than any of the characters, however, was a mannerism which he had developed in his effort to keep his tales short. Hundreds of stories were pressing against him, begging to be told. Writing any one of them always reminded him of some of the others, but instead of darting off the main track, he

contented himself with breaking off long enough to say, "But that is another story," then going ahead with his narrative. Within a few years, wherever English was spoken, people began breaking off to say, "But that is another story." Other writers caught the trick. Kipling soon dropped it, but it is still one of the tag lines by which he is remembered.

Two of the *Plain Tales* were about children. One was Tod, a small Anglo-Indian boy, and the story is important because it was used to point a moral and instruct the government. The moral was that a six-year-old child could frame a better land-lease law than the one the powers at Simla were trying to foist upon the country, and the instruction was an outline of the bill as Tod felt it should be.

The other child was a Mohammedan baby that Kipling loved—a baby that died. When it came to children he made no distinctions. He loved them all. There must have been brats among the Anglo-Indian children (one is tempted to think that Ruddy-baba had been such a one), but they were not brats to him, not any of them.

It was while he was in Allahabad, working for the *Pioneer* and living with his friends, Professor and Mrs. S. A. Hill, that he went back into his own childhood and wrote of the Southsea years in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," one of the bitterest and most powerful of all his stories. He was in a "towering rage" all the time he was working on it—there was never a time when thought of the House of Desolation did not throw him into a towering rage.

The same year that *Plain Tales* was published, the A. H. Wheeler Co., also in Allahabad, began adding some of his longer stories to their Indian Railway Library in a series of small paper-backed books with grey covers. Eventually there were six of these, including *The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Eerie Tales*, which contains "The Man Who Would Be King," which has probably been on more lists of the world's best short stories than any

other that has been written in modern times. Among the other Indian Railway volumes were *Soldiers Three*, which was about Mulvaney and his companions; *Wee Willie Winkie*, a collection of stories about children ("Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" is here); and *The Story of the Gadsbys*, a tale of courtship and marriage, written in dialogue like a play.

*Departmental Ditties* grew larger and larger with each edition, and finally contained such well-known poems as "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House" and "Betrothed," which has in it that line about a woman being only a woman, while a good cigar is a smoke—another of those lines from which Kipling was never able to escape. People quoted it everywhere, but the little book as a whole might have been forgotten, if Kipling had written nothing else.

His greatest work in India was in prose, and before he left the country he had won for himself a place among the master story-tellers of all time. In the *Plain Tales* and the grey-backed Indian Railway books there are some of the best short stories that have ever been told. Even his enemies have granted him that. Kipling did not know it, nor did anyone else—yet.

The managing director of the *Pioneer* enterprises felt that Kipling was grossly overpaid and would never be worth much more than half of what he was getting, and the owners were constantly embarrassed by his frivolous treatment of government news. Soon, partly to keep the paper out of mischief at his hands, they made arrangements to send him off as a roving correspondent in the native states.

His experiences on this assignment gave him new insight into the non-British life of India. He visited mines and factories, he saw the Taj Mahal and other famous buildings, and he was present at such characteristic entertainments as quail fights, animal fights, and pig-stickings.

In Udaipur one of the native princes invited him and other Englishmen to a pig-drive. Kipling went without



a gun, but took his place with the hunters in one of the shooting stands that the prince had royally erected on the side of the narrow gorge through which the pigs were driven. The drivers were clever little Bhil tribesmen in red and green uniforms and armed with spears. The cry with which they advanced was "*Suar! Suar!*" which means "Pig! Pig!" Suddenly it changed to "*Bagheera! Bagheera!*" only the Englishmen cried, "Panther!"

In the excitement no one hit the panther, but a number of pigs were killed. Then the beat was changed to the other side of the hill and once more the panther appeared. A fusillade greeted him. The splendid beast fell, and when the hunt was over each of four Englishmen claimed that his was the shot that had brought him down. To Kipling it seemed like murder.

Many nights on these journeys Kipling stayed in lonely *dak*-bungalows and was howled to sleep by jackals. Like other travellers into the interior, he was obliged to go by tonga cart and elephant as well as by railways. Once at Chitor the elephant which was to carry him up the hill was left tethered to one of the pillars of the veranda of the bungalow. While the *mahout* was away she ate the rope that bound her and began eating the thatch of the bungalow. A carpenter at work on repairs threw stones at her, but she paid no attention. Then he went off and Kipling was left alone to manage.

When he remonstrated with the elephant she opened her mouth to beg for biscuits, but when she discovered that he had none she began again on the thatch. When he struck her lightly on the trunk with a wet towel she curled the trunk out of the way. A native boy who happened to pass at that moment told him to hit her on the feet. Kipling nervously followed the advice, using a tent peg, and finally backed her off the veranda. When the *mahout* returned she was asleep in the sunshine.

It was this elephant that took him around the modern town of Chitor, with its grain merchants and sword-makers, and among the deserted palaces and temples.

of the ancient city. These ruins, inhabited only by bats and pigeons and snakes and decay, were eerie enough in the daytime, but Kipling was not satisfied until he had seen them at night.

Leaving the elephant and the *mahout*, he stumbled out of the *dak*-bungalow and scrabbled up the hillside, scattering loose stones along his path until he reached a graveyard, where he sat on a tombstone. The moonlight made weird shadows around him and jackals skulked about like ghosts, but Kipling held his ground until a woman coming out of a temple realised that something besides jackals was among the tombs and screamed. A man cried out to know who was there, and Kipling went scurrying back to the bungalow. The experience was frightening, but it was worth it. The beauty of the ruined city under the moonlight was beyond description, and he did not try to describe it.

Another trip for the *Pioneer* took him to Calcutta, which he disliked, but whether he was pleased or displeased with his adventures, he sent straight journalistic accounts back to his paper, thus opening wider and wider the door that was to lead him out of India.

Towards the end of 1888, after he had nearly worked himself to death in getting down on paper the longer stories he had most ardently wished to write, he paused to take a look at his position. As capital he had *Plain Tales*, *Departmental Ditties*, and the six grey-backed volumes in the Indian Railway Library, but the income came in dribblets, and what he needed was a lump sum. In order to get it he sold his rights to his books, and the *Pioneer*, rather glad to see the last of him in the office, gave him six months' pay and extended his roving commission to cover the further travels he might make on his own account.

He had meant to go direct to London, but Professor Hill and his wife, who was an American, were planning a trip to the United States the long way around through China and Japan and he decided to join them.

The heavy snows in the Himalayas in that winter

of 1888-89 brought predictions that the hot weather would not be as bad as usual, but Kipling and the Hills did not wait to find out. They left in the early spring, when the wasps were awakening in the gardens and the birds were beginning to sing. They went first to Calcutta, which Kipling found as objectionable as ever, and boarded the *Madura*, which was bound for Rangoon.

The hundred miles down the Hooghly, "the worst river in the world," were so interesting that, instead of relaxing, the young man fixed his attention on the pilot who was guiding them out to the open waters of the Bay of Bengal. The Hooghly pilots were noted as the most skilful in the world, and there was never a time when Rudyard Kipling failed in his respect for a skilled craftsman practising his craft. It was not until the pilot dismissed them that he felt the sense of relief for which he had been waiting.

Once clear of the river, there was nothing short of a Russian battleship that could stop him. If there was fighting on the Afghan border, he would not be sent to report it. If the rainy season brought such floods that every railway train in India was stopped, it would make no difference to him. Fevers and dysentery and prickly heat belonged to the past, and the hands of the office clock could wind themselves around in whichever direction they pleased, it was no concern of his.

Glance at him as he lies there on the deck of the *Madura*. He looks older than his twenty-three years. He was like that. While he was young he looked middle-aged; when he was middle-aged he looked young, and he kept looking that way as long as he lived. The last pictures we have of him are not so different from the first, except that in the last ones his eyes are sad. Now, behind the thick lenses, they are twinkling. He is tired, but a few days of rest will take care of that, and he has nothing to do but rest—nothing except now and then to write a letter to the *Pioneer*. He has good companions in Mr. and Mrs. Hill, he has enough money but not too much, and the whole world lies before him.



## ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

WHILE he was on the *Madura*, looking idly at the sea, memories of the past seven years in India crowded hard upon him, and as the ship came along the southern coast of Burma past the mouths of the Irrawaddy, the "River of Lost Footsteps," he thought of the men he had known who had gone up that river never to come down again—men who had given their lives in the wars that made Burma a part of British India. A Westward Ho! graduate was the first officer killed in the siege of Mandalay, the capital of King Theebaw, whom the British had conquered. But as an old Anglo-Indian, Kipling knew better than to let his mind dwell upon thoughts of death. There was always too much of it around.

Rangoon was the first stop, and if Kipling had gone into the city blindfolded, he would have known he was in a place he had never been. He knew by the smell when he was in Bombay or Calcutta or the Punjab; each smell was different, yet somehow alike. That of

Rangoon was entirely new. Rangoon smelled like *napi*, and *napi* was a kind of half-rotten dried fish.

The smell did not keep him from enjoying the city, which is famous for the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda with its eight sacred hairs of Buddha and its golden dome. He climbed part of the way up its stairs and shook hands with a tiny laughing Burmese baby in its mother's arms. It was a handicap not to speak the language, but he fell in love with the Burmese girls (all of them) and with the Burmese way of life.

From Rangoon the travellers had expected to sweep across the bay into Penang in the Straits Settlements; instead, the ship turned into Moulmein, and only a few miles farther along the Burma coast, and it was here, as they advanced up the Salween River, that Kipling saw the elephants piling teak in the timberyards along the shore.

There were so many of them that Moulmein seemed like an elephant city, such as Sinbad might have encountered on one of his voyages. The air was full of the smell of freshly sawed teakwood, and when Kipling climbed the hillside above the city, it was to the tune of the bells in the innumerable temples that covered it. One of the newest of the temples was in honour of a priest who had lately died at Mandalay.

Moulmein was not on the road to Mandalay. It was, if anything, on the road to Penang. Kipling had already passed Mandalay, which is on the Irrawaddy River, straight north of Rangoon, but the three cities, Moulmein, Rangoon, and Mandalay, formed a composite picture in his mind, with the road to Mandalay as the shining road to romance, the road to romance being always the one you have not travelled.

His impressions went into a poem called "Mandalay." The geography is all wrong, but Kipling had not meant it for geography. It is made up of the fragments that might pass through the mind of a British soldier who had once been in Burma and is on his way there again on the deck of a British troopship steaming towards the

Bay of Bengal at dawn. This caused trouble when tourists to Moulmein discovered that they were not on the road to Mandalay, nor, so far as they could see, on the road to anywhere else; and that the dawn, from where they stood, could not possibly come up like thunder from out of China 'cross the Bay. But this trouble, like most others, lay in the future. "Mandalay" was not yet written.

From Moulmein they went on to Penang and Singapore, which Kipling found hotter even than Calcutta, with a damp heat like that of a greenhouse. He ate turtle steaks in the famous Raffles Hotel, but what pleased him most in Singapore was to find a Sikh from the Punjab in the military police. That was like home.

He did not understand the Chinese here or anywhere else, and, like most other people up against something they do not understand, he was a little afraid of them. Even the Chinese babies did not seem like other babies.

On the way to Hong Kong he was horrified by an eight-year-old American boy who had been travelling for two years in India, Turkey, Tripoli, and on the Continent; the boy was thin and bored and tired; he spent most of his time in the smoking room helping to arrange the ship's lottery. Kipling described him for the *Pioneer* as (he presumed) an ordinary American boy. Even Albert followed him around; few children could ever resist him. Kipling remembered Albert when he came to write *Captains Courageous*, in which he appears as Harvey Cheyne, but by that time he had learned that Albert was not by any means, as he had first thought, an ordinary American.

In Hong Kong Kipling saw British sailors, "blue-jackets," and thought them beautiful creatures, but they did not take the place of Tommy Atkins, his first love. The Chinese here and everywhere he found inscrutable, distasteful, and in some degree terrifying. They worked hard (Kipling always liked that) but they did not seem to have any particular respect for the Englishman or even to be afraid of him.

In Japan the young traveller was more comfortable. It was a pleasant country for a small man, where no one was any taller than he. Still, like other non-Japanese, he felt big and coarse and dirty when he went into their fragile, spotless houses, and on one occasion in a tea-house he was greatly embarrassed by a darn in the heel of his sock.

He was in Osaka during the cherry-blossom festival. He had already fallen in love with the Japanese girls (all of them) and he found the Japanese children adorable. Once, when he was distributing sweets, he had a crowd of about forty of them in tow.

The Japanese temples were wonderful, but they were too perfect and there were too many of them. One day in Yokohama, instead of going out to look at more temples he watched a drill of the Imperial troops. The cavalry, with its bad horsemanship, seemed to him almost laughable, but the infantry was good—so good that he could not help wishing to see how they would stand up against the native Indian troops. The Japanese, in his opinion, would be first-class enemies. He read the new constitution of Japan, about which there was then so much talk, and felt that it would not work.

In Tokio, he, the experienced newspaperman, discovered what it was like to be interviewed. When he went into the office of a newspaper to ask for miscellaneous information, the editor, an enterprising gentleman on his own account, whipped out a notebook and began asking more questions than he answered. Kipling broke into a cold sweat.

His indignation was aroused in Japan by his discovery of the practices of the American book pirates. At this time there was no international copyright law, and wildcat publishers took what they wanted of books published in other countries, reprinted them, and sold them without paying a royalty to the author. All authors and all legitimate publishers were up in arms about it, but they had no way to protect themselves.

This is what would happen. The sensational best-

seller, the *Gone with the Wind* of this period, was *Robert Elsmere* by Mrs. Humphry Ward. It was brought out in a legitimate American edition at five shillings a copy, but as soon as it took hold the pirates grabbed it. One drove the price down to sixpence a copy, only to be undercut by another who sold it for three pence. Finally it was given away by a soap company as a premium with every bar of soap that was purchased. Under such conditions nobody made money, but with books on which the competition was not so great the pirates flourished.

There was nothing personal in Kipling's outburst against them, for they had not yet got to him, but on behalf of all authors he cursed them and all other Americans with a fluency that must have surprised the readers of the *Pioneer* as much as, sometime later when they found out about it, it surprised the United States. His cause was righteous, but afterwards he regretted that he let it distress him so much.

He saw a number of Americans in Yokohama, and it was not reassuring to have one of them show him how Westerners shot from the hip and warn him, once he got to the States, not to walk round with his hands in his pockets, else men would think he had his fingers on his revolver. Kipling asked Professor Hill if this were true, and the professor told him not to judge the country until he saw it.

The next lap of the journey—Yokohama to San Francisco—took twenty days. Soon after they put out to sea they were engulfed by a storm. Dishes and glassware skittered about the dining-room and passengers had to hold on to their chairs to keep themselves from being hurled to the floor. The winds howled and the waters roared and twice in one night Kipling was thrown out of his berth.

He wrote back to India about the missionaries on board, the men from Manila, the ex-commissioner from India, the Confederate veteran, and some of the other passengers, but he did not say a word about the pretty girl from South Carolina to whom he was most attentive.



A very attractive young man he was, but he never boasted of his conquests among women.

On the Queen's birthday, May 24, the ship, though American, was decorated with flags and there were toasts to Her Majesty and to the President of the United States. The talk in the evening was of the respective governments of the two countries, and Kipling, to his amazement, heard Americans say they thought England had the better one. One American said that if he had money enough he could buy the entire United States Senate, the American eagle and the Star-Spangled Banner, with the Irish vote thrown in—anything dirty would buy the Irish vote. Everything in American government and politics was rotten, rotten, rotten. Even granting the government scandals that followed the close of the War between the States, one finds it difficult to forgive these Americans for the picture of their country they gave the young man from India. Four days later, in San Francisco, he was left alone to judge for himself.



## II

### FROM SEA TO SEA

KIPLING had taken his impression of San Francisco from Bret Harte, who had called the city, "Serene, indifferent to fate." He did not find it so.

He could easily have stayed out of trouble. He had a letter of introduction which opened to him the gracious doors of polite society. He was entertained in private homes and in the world-famous Bohemian Club of artists and writers, where he found the shop-talk delightful, and there and elsewhere he learned that money did not count so much in America as he had been led to believe. He heard tales of gold hunts in Alaska, of fortunes made and lost and made again, of Indian fights (Red Indians, not East Indians), of vigilantes and public hangings. The city itself, with its tramcars, its mixed population, and its eagerness for life and adventure, was somewhat overwhelming, but it seems not to have occurred to him that it was not perfectly safe to carry out any idea that popped into his rash young head.

When a stranger at his hotel misread "India" as

"Indiana" after his name on the register, decided that he had come from New York, and claimed to have met him there, Kipling, instead of snubbing him, egged him on in a fascinated attempt to find out what he wanted. It presently developed that the man was a gambler and Kipling his chosen victim. Kipling led him on until the wretched creature felt sure of his prey, then told him he had no intention of playing cards with him. "But suppose I did," he asked, "how would you go about it? Would you play a straight game or would you get me drunk first, or——?"

"You make me sick," the gambler said.

When the old call of the night came, Kipling rose without a qualm to answer it. This carried him one evening to a stuffy gambling den in Chinatown, three stories below the ground, where a group of Chinese and a Mexican were playing poker. They were too absorbed in the game to notice him and he was too absorbed in watching them to reflect that it might be indiscreet for a white man, especially a foreigner, to be there alone. San Francisco's Chinatown was not Lahore, and it would do him no good to say that he was the son of Mr. Lockwood Kipling or that he was special correspondent for the *Pioneer*.

Any native of San Francisco would have warned him there might be violence, and sure enough there was. A quarrel arose between the Mexican and one of the Chinese. The Mexican reached for his gun, and Kipling instinctively threw himself flat on the floor. A shot rang out and the room was filled with the smell of burned powder. When the smoke cleared the Mexican was gone and the Chinese was dying. Kipling fled, and once he reached the street he had no way of going back, for he could not tell, when the shock was over, which of the buildings (all so much alike) he had entered in the first place.

His interest in government beguiled him into the same kind of impertinence which had so often roused the ire of the Anglo-Indians. He made an investigation

of municipal politics, necessarily superficial, and wrote about them with all the assurance of a Member of the British Parliament touring India in the cold weather. The San Francisco newspapers were not interested.

He had got off on the wrong foot with the press when a reporter asked him what he thought of the city and he answered that to him it was hallowed ground because of Bret Harte. This was not the thing to say to a Californian, for Bret Harte had turned his back on his lowly beginnings and had gone to live in England, and California was sensitive about it. Bret Harte could claim the state if he wanted to, but California was through with him.

There is a story that when Kipling offered *Plain Tales* and the Mulvaney stories to one of the newspapers, the editor returned them by an underling who was told to give them back and ask the man to write a snake story. That was about all the United States knew of India in those days: it was full of snakes. This may not have been the way it happened, but the San Francisco papers did turn him down.

Still, he found much to admire, and when his visit was up he said San Francisco had only one drawback, it was hard to leave.

He had fallen in love again, this time with the American girls (all of them). Forgotten were the lovely maidens of Burma and Japan, the sweet maidens of Devonshire, London, France, and Simla (from the way he wrote it down you would think he was a man of vast experience, which, of course, was what he wanted you to think). He liked the independence of the American girls, the way they looked you straight in the eyes, the cheerful view they took of the ups and downs of fortune, and the way they went out into the world to make their own living instead of lying back while their families did it for them. A stenographer whom he hired to do some typing astounded him by quoting from a French author, Theophile Gautier. He had never seen anything like this before, but, as yet, no individual American girl had

captured his heart. That came later, and it was in London, not the United States, that it happened.

From San Francisco he took a train for Portland, Oregon, and found the Bret Harte country through which it travelled exactly as Harte had described it. The passengers were friendly, and it was not long before Kipling had formed an alliance with an old man on a holiday looking for fish. A fellow passenger told the others that he would introduce them to a man in Portland who would tell them where to go. This man—"Portland," they called him—not only told them to go to the Clackamas River, but went with them.

They had a glorious day. "California" (this was the old man) almost immediately landed an eleven-and-a-half-pound salmon and came near breaking Johnny Bull's (that is, Kipling's) ribs in the war dance of triumph that followed. Johnny's first fish was even larger; it took thirty-seven and a half of the most exciting minutes he had ever lived through to land him, and when it was over Kipling and the big fish (twelve pounds) lay panting together side by side on the grass. Kipling's hands were torn and bleeding, his face was sunburned, he was wet and covered with fish scales—and he was the happiest man in the world. All told, the three of them, "California," "Portland," and "Johnny" caught sixteen salmon that day.

The next day "California" took Kipling to see a western boomtown—Tacoma in its raucous young days (it was three years younger than Kipling). Kipling had got some idea of what a boomtown might be from his stop in Portland, where the enthusiasm of the inhabitants had led him to remark that it was a poor city that could not say it had no equal on the Pacific coast. All were gunning for San Francisco, and Tacoma—muddy, noisy, boastful Tacoma—was ready to fight anyone who hinted that she would not be able to surpass the big city to the south. "California" found an honoured place among false prophets by informing his companion that the Tacoma boom was about over.

and warning him not to buy any real estate there. Kipling heeded the warning—unfortunately, as he afterwards realised—but there was something about the boom business that took his breath away and he decided to go to Canada. He wanted to see the British flag again.

The steamer which took him from Portland up the Puget Sound to Vancouver stopped at Seattle. This was only a short time after the great fire had wiped out the business section, and the city was still under martial law, but men had erected tents on the blackened ruins of their former shops and were selling whatever stock they had been able to salvage. A "bonnet and a barrel of crackers" was enough to set a man up in business. Building materials were coming in by every train and boat, and Seattle quite literally was rising from her ashes.

When Kipling reached Vancouver he found that the same thing had happened there. Three years earlier every house but one had burned to the ground; since then Vancouver had been entirely rebuilt, and was now a smiling city of brick and granite instead of wood. Fires, he saw, might interrupt these western Canadians and Americans but that was all. Men started building again before the redness had died out of the coals and they used better materials and made bigger cities.

This kind of faith ran like wildfire up and down the western half of the continent. Towns burned to the ground and rose up again. Towns that had served their purpose were left to rot and new towns were begun in other places, where prospects seemed brighter, and there was scarcely a collection of huts west of the Mississippi that did not think of itself as the "Queen City" of something or another—the "Queen City of the Future," if nothing more.

Strong men were getting rich and other strong men were going to the wall. There was no place for weaklings, and the whole brawling, thrilling spectacle was such that many cultivated Americans turned their refined backs upon it as too vulgar even to contemplate. Kipling

did not make this mistake. Underneath the vulgarity he saw that a nation was building, and what he saw of it made him think it would be a great one.

But the boom on the United States side of the border was too much for him, and he found it a relief to be in British Columbia and give himself up to lazy days of trout fishing. Letters from home told him that the predictions about a not-so-bad hot weather had proved untrue, and all over India men were dying. Two with whom he had laughed and jested shortly before he left Allahabad were dead, and he felt guilty at being away from home. America and England were all right, but he was an Anglo-Indian, and it was among the Anglo-Indians that he belonged. He was homesick. The fact that Trixie was married in June of this year to an officer in the British army in India may have had something to do with it. (He had a cable about the wedding.)

Yet he liked Vancouver so much that he bought a piece of land there, though it disturbed him to see the harbour so unprotected. It had pleased him to note how easily San Francisco's defences could be knocked out by a couple of British gunboats. The more negligent the Americans were the better, but Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, ought to be impregnable. The town needed (he said) some big guns, two regiments of infantry, and (he was willing to wait for this) an arsenal. This was the natural reaction of an Anglo-Indian, accustomed to the Afghans as neighbours, with the Russians behind the Afghans, and Kipling, thus far, was thoroughly Anglo-Indian.

From Vancouver he came back to Tacoma and headed east towards Yellowstone National Park. He had complained of the useless lies Americans told, but on the way to the Yellowstone he discovered that there was at least one thing of which the truth had been spoken. During the night the train ran over a skunk. The skunk, which is native to North and Central America, was a new acquaintance, but Kipling found that even the Westerners had not exaggerated its powers.

It would take too long to tell all that he did on this, his first visit to the United States. Besides, he has told most of it himself in his letters to the *Pioneer* (in his collected works they are in the volume called *From Sea to Sea*). He wrote superb descriptions of the Yellowstone, where he found congenial companions among cavalry officers in the United States Army. He visited Salt Lake City, where the tomb of Brigham Young with his wives around him reminded him of the tomb of the Indian prince, Ranjit Singh, outside Fort Lahore. Only eleven of Ranjit Singh's wives were buried near him, but the parallel was there.

In Chicago Kipling found that he had brought an unexpected piece of baggage out of India. He went to the stockyards—all visitors seemed to feel they had to make this gruesome expedition—to see the slaughter of pigs and cattle. The pigs he did not mind so much—had not Mohammed declared the pig unclean?—but the cows! Cows were sacred. In India he had laughed at the thought, but here he found that he almost believed it; he wanted to cry out against the sacrilege of killing them. He was glad to leave Chicago.

A different America from any he had yet encountered waited for him in Beaver, Pennsylvania, where he visited Professor and Mrs. Hill. In Beaver ("Musquash" in *From Sea to Sea*) he found a landscape that reminded him of England, and girls who were what Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy in Miss Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* had led him to expect girls in small American towns would be, and Methodists who were exactly like the Methodists he had known in his own family and among his mother's and father's friends in England.

The year 1889 was an unlucky one for the United States, and Kipling had personal knowledge of the two disasters that made it so. In Seattle he had seen the results of the fire, an affair that involved the loss of ten million dollars' worth of property, and in Beaver he caught a glimpse of the aftermath of the Johnstown Flood (only a few days separated from the Seattle fire)



which had involved an equal property loss and, worse yet, two thousand lives.

Beaver was out of the flood district, but he saw an old man, a minister, whose wife and children and congregation had been swept away. Mercifully, the old man's mind had clouded, and all he could remember was that something dreadful had happened. Kipling's heart was torn with pity, and some years later he put the old man into *Captains Courageous* as "Penn" or "Pennsylvania."

Professor Hill, eager to have his foreign guest see all possible phases of American life, carted Kipling off to Chautauqua, then in session on the banks of Lake Chautauqua in New York. In the early days of this institution men and women gathered on the shore of the lake expecting to pick up education, picnic fashion, by looking at a miscellaneous collection of exhibits and listening to a variety of lectures. Because he was from India, Kipling was taken for a missionary, which annoyed him, and what he saw of the educational aspects of the institution made him think it a ridiculous farce. Compared with Oxford or Cambridge or Harvard or Yale, Chautauqua in its early days was ridiculous, and Kipling had not the background to make him realise how important a way station it was on the road of a people who were reaching out for culture and were not yet sure how to get it. The only afternoon he enjoyed here was spent with a seven-year-old boy fishing for sunfish, catfish, and pickerel.

Before he left for England, he visited Wellesley College to see a friend, a young lady who was studying there, and he met one American whose greatness was universally acknowledged outside the United States. This one was Mark Twain, whose books Kipling had read in India—*Life on the Mississippi*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *Huckleberry Finn*.

The *Pioneer* had commissioned an interview, but Kipling had difficulty in locating the object of his search. In Buffalo he was told that Mark might be almost any-

where, but was finally correctly informed that he was in Elmira, New York, only about two hundred miles away; and since the train was about to leave for Elmira, his informant added, in the slang phrase of the day, "Slide, Kelly, slide!"

This advice seemed to Kipling unnecessary, but he followed it to such good purpose that next morning saw him installed in a hotel in Elmira. Kipling was always one of the most modest and diffident of men, and he may have thought that Mark would refuse an interview if he asked for one. At any rate, instead of telephoning, he hired a carriage and drove out to Quarry Farm, three miles from the city, where in those days Mark spent his summers.

Mark was not there, but his daughter, Susy, and her aunt, Mrs. Crane, made him welcome—they would have done this anyway, but his card with the address, "Allahabad, India," made him especially exciting. They told him that Mr. Clemens—Mark Twain—was in Elmira at the home of his brother-in-law, not much more than a stone's throw from the hotel where Kipling was staying. There was nothing left to do but go back to town.

Mark had not the faintest idea who the odd-looking young man with the thick spectacles and heavy eyebrows was, but he was pleased (as well he might have been) with such unaffected admiration from one who had come, as Kipling said he had, fourteen thousand miles to express it. They sat and talked together for "two golden hours."

They discussed the international copyright law, on which they could not have disagreed, for Mark felt that monkeys could have devised a better one than either Englishmen or Americans had yet been able to advance. Kipling asked what happened to Tom Sawyer when he grew up and Mark said he had not decided. Sometimes, he thought he would send him to Congress, other times he thought he would hang him. Kipling could not let that pass: he told Mark that Tom belonged to the

world, and even his creator had no right to talk that way about him. Mark good-humouredly said that was true, and, when asked, admitted that his writings about the Mississippi were largely autobiographical.

Once Mark laid his hand on his visitor's shoulder, and Kipling felt as if the Queen had decorated him. There were a thousand questions he wanted to ask (he thought of most of them after he had gone), but he felt that while Mark's books belonged to the world, his time was, or should be, his own, and went away.

A year later when Mark was back in his winter home in Hartford, Connecticut, a neighbour came in with *Plain Tales from the Hills* under his arm and asked him if he had ever heard of Rudyard Kipling.

"No," said Mark.

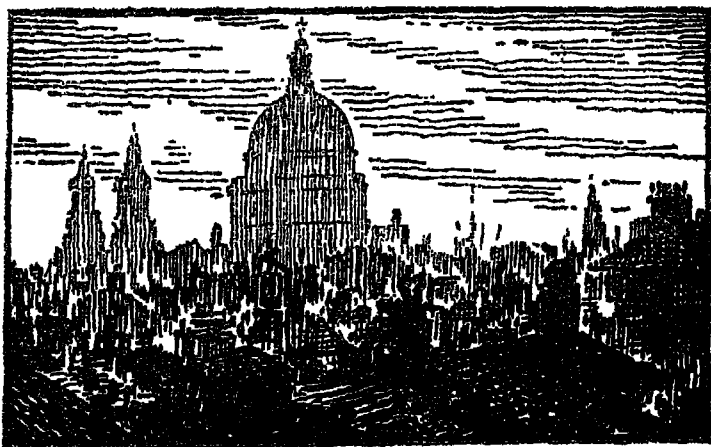
"Well, you are going to," said the neighbour, and left the book for him to read.

A few days later the neighbour came back with a clipping from a London newspaper which gave a sketch of Kipling's life, including his travels in the United States. The fact that he had been in Elmira was mentioned, and Susy went to get the card he had left at Quarry Farm. She had saved it, not because of the name, which she had forgotten, but because the address, "Allahabad, India," seemed so romantic and far away and because Kipling had pencilled on it some words in compliment to her father. There it was: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Allahabad, India."

Very few in the United States knew even this much about him, and after he had gone there were some who wished they had been as gracious as the Clemenses. For when Kipling wrote to a club in Philadelphia asking for privileges so he could read the newspapers from England, the secretary dismissed him as "another damned cheeky Englishman" and did not bother to answer. When he offered his books to a New York publisher, including all those immortal stories out of India, the publisher not only refused him, but loftily rebuffed him by saying that his firm was interested

only in publishing literature. More than half a century has passed since this happened, but the publishing house, which is still in existence, has never been able to live it down.

Kipling was not discouraged. London, not New York, was his goal, and suddenly he was in a hurry to get there. His money was giving out.



## “KIPLINGITIS”

KIPLING reached London early in October. Mulvaney and Mrs. Hauksbee, travelling from the opposite direction by a shorter route, had got there before him. Literary critics had not yet announced them, but copies of *Plain Tales*, *Departmental Ditties*, and the six grey-backed books (in editions printed in India) were rapidly passing from hand to hand as one enthusiastic reader said to another, “Here, take this. It’s something you can’t miss.”

Within a year Kipling was to have fame and fortune beyond his wildest dreams, but for a little while the rumble of their approach was too faint to reach the ears of the young man for whom they were destined, and a foolish pride kept him from confessing to the Beloved Aunt or the three old ladies that he was nearly down to his last shilling.

He had clothes enough to make a presentable appearance and he had cash enough to pay for a cheap room over a cheap sausage shop across the street from a cheap music

hall known as Gatti's. He found he could live on sausages and mashed potatoes, and though they were monotonous and hard on the digestion he preferred them (as he would have preferred husks) to admitting, even to those who loved him, that he had come home empty-handed. He felt that his situation was due to his own mismanagement and that it was up to him to get himself out of it. He would not even ask for an advance on writing he had already done, but lived on sausages and mashed potatoes until the publishers' date for paying him came round.

Very little had changed in his own small circle during the seven years he had been away from London. His cousin Margaret had grown up and married an Oxford professor, a Mr. Mackail, and his cousin Phil was becoming an artist and a man of fashion, but the Burne-Joneses were still close together and still divided their time between the Grange and the house at Rottingdean. The three old ladies were just as he had left them, and soon there were to be other friends, but in the meanwhile Kipling lay low, like Brer Rabbit, and kept his own counsel.

Many of his evenings were spent across the street at Gatti's in the rowdy goodfellowship of its patrons, among whom he found in abundance a favourite companion of the old days, namely, Tommy Atkins. With his intelligent eyes shining behind his spectacles, Kipling drank in the new atmosphere, and it is not surprising that by some magic of his own he got into the poems he wrote at this time the very thump and swing, the comedy and pathos, of those music-hall evenings.

He showed these verses to Mr. W. E. Henley, editor of the *Scots Observer* (the same Henley who wrote the poem about being master of his fate and captain of his soul) and Henley published the first one on February 22, 1890, about five months after Kipling reached London. It was "Danny Deever," and pretty soon there was hardly a person in England who did not know they were hanging Danny Deever in the morning.

Two weeks later there was one called "Tommy" with Tommy himself expressing his feelings on the way he was kicked about in times of peace and shoved in front in times of war when he was suddenly promoted to the rank of "Mister Atkins." The dullest soldier in the British army could understand "Tommy," but the soldiers were not the only ones who kept repeating the lines.

"Fuzzy-Wuzzy" came next. It was based upon an actual incident in the British campaign in the Egyptian Sudan during which the Sudanese (the Fuzzies) had broken the all but impregnable hollow square in which the British troops massed for fighting.

In June came the tribute to the regimental water carrier—"Gunga Din."

Before the month was out there was "Mandalay," and soon there were others. Meantime the ground swell was rising. There was a frantic demand for his Indian stories, and the world went Kipling-crazy. Nothing like it had happened before to an English author, except to Dickens in the first burst of fame, and nothing like it has happened since to any author.

So much of Kipling's work has become part of our lives that one has to imagine now the rapture that greeted it when it first appeared. Art and literature for several generations had gone to the past for its soldiers. Poets and painters got them out of Scandinavian legends or medieval or ancient history and showed them as frail, pure-hearted men (painters often used women as models because men were too coarse), leaning against a tree or a horse, looking sadly in need of vitamin tablets and fresh air. The lightest of evening breezes could have blown these delicate creations to dusty powder, but what hit them was a tornado. When Mulvaney, Tommy, Gunga Din, and Fuzzy-Wuzzy strode on to the scene the Pre-Raphaelite soldiers scampered for cover and have not been heard of since.

When Kipling reached London the literary and artistic circles were more or less dominated by pale young men

with long hair who felt that everything modern was vulgar and crude, everything English base and sordid. Japan was the country for art, France the country for literature. These young men were imitating a man much greater than themselves, Oscar Wilde, who had first attracted attention to his writings by donning knee breeches and walking down the street with a sunflower in his hand.

The newspapers and comic magazines, as this pose continued, tried to laugh him out of existence, and Gilbert and Sullivan wrote a merry operetta, *Patience*, describing the new type of æsthete, of whom he was the chief representative, as

A pallid and thin young man—  
A haggard and lank young man—  
A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,  
Foot-in-the-grave young man!

But no one could laugh Oscar Wilde out of existence. The man who could entertain London with plays like *Lady Windermere's Fan* and stories like *The Happy Prince* could dress as he pleased. He himself soon went back to more conventional attire, except that he wore a green carnation in his buttonhole, but London remained infested with pale young men with long hair who read French novels and worried about their souls. They made Kipling yearn for the hard, sunburned Tommies in India, and the chattering women who thought Mulvaney too sweet and precious for words made him hungry for the bright, intelligent conversation of the Mrs. Hauksbees of Simla.

Such æsthetes as those described were not the only literary group in London, nor even the most important group there, but they were the ones that Kipling disliked most. They were the advance guard of fashion, and it was from them that polite conversation took its cue. They were, in reality, a pitiful group, without talent or genius enough to enable them to realise their ambitions,



and, like others of their kind, they were doomed. One of the agents of their doom was the young man from India.

As the hullabaloo rose about Kipling's work writers everywhere stopped what they were doing to see who was causing the big disturbance, and most of them were profoundly shocked to learn that it was a small, inconspicuous young man, with heavy eyebrows and moustache, who hid himself behind thick spectacles and seemed not to care whether he lived in a fashionable part of London or not. Publishers and lionisers swooped upon him, and Kipling could have had one of the most glittering seasons that London ever gave to a man; if was a further shock to find that he did not want it. His personal life belonged to himself and his friends.

He had the soldiers at Gatti's and the rich, raw tide of the street life in front of his lodgings. He joined a fishing club which met at the back of a tobacconist's shop, not because he wanted to fish, but because he liked to talk with the men who gathered there. He joined the Savile Club and had the honour on his first evening of dining with Sir Walter Besant, whose *All in a Garden Fair* had meant so much to him, and Thomas Hardy, who was in the middle of his great career as a novelist. Here he found the stimulating companionship of such men as Edmund Gosse and George Saintsbury, the two leading critics in England, and Andrew Lang, the scholar and student of the origins of such fairy tales as "Sleeping Beauty," "Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," and "Puss in Boots."

Sir Walter Besant advised him to stay out of the literary cliques and their squabbles. He may not have needed Sir Walter's word on this score, for Mr. Burne-Jones, who knew what it was like, would have advised him against it. Anyway, he stayed out of it. Sir Walter also advised him to put his publishing affairs into the hands of a literary agent; specifically, into the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt. Kipling did so, and Mr. Watt, like most men with whom he had business dealings, became his lifelong friend.

He was making other friends. At the house of the three old ladies he met a young woman three years older than he, a Miss Mary Kingsley, who was a niece of the Charles Kingsley who wrote *Westward Ho!* She was one of the primmest-looking old maids in England, but her conversation was mainly about cannibals. She could serenely plan to live among them, perhaps in India or in West Africa, where the climate was even more deadly. (She did, too, a few years later, and the cannibals loved her, as she loved them.) Kipling called her the bravest woman he ever knew; no small tribute, for his life was filled with brave women.

One of his closest friends in London was a young American, Mr. Wolcott Balestier of Vermont, whose experience in western United States had been somewhat like his own. Mr. Balestier was in England to collect British authors for an American publishing house, and after Kipling had freed himself of some of his own projects, the two began writing a novel together about a young man and woman in the United States who make their way to India. The novel was called *The Naulahka*, after a jewel owned by a maharajah who figures in the tale. The book was one of the least important to which Kipling ever attached his name, but, so far as his personal life was concerned, it was one of the most important things he ever did, for while he worked with Mr. Balestier he became very fond of his sister Caroline. Miss Caroline Balestier was not merely an American girl. She was *the* American girl.

The chief project that had to be cleared out of the way before he began *The Naulahka* was his first novel, *The Light That Failed*. This book contains some remarkable passages, especially in its description of a British fighting square in action, but, as a whole, it proved that the master hand at the short story was not so sure of itself when it came to the longer tale. Kipling was so confused about *The Light That Failed* that he could not decide whether to give it a happy ending or an unhappy one. He tried both ways. As a magazine

serial it had a happy ending. This did not seem right, and he changed it. *The Light That Failed* was not one of his best performances, but, like everything else he was writing, it was immensely popular.

Editors were begging him to keep on as he had begun, to give them more Mulvaney, more Mrs. Hauksbee, more Gunga Din, more almost anything. Critics in the meanwhile had decided that he was only a skyrocket and would not last. Some of them admitted that what he had done was impressive, but was, after all, too vulgar for serious consideration. He was the hooligan come into literature, and literature was much the worse for it.

Meantime American pirates were getting rich at Kipling's expense and there was trouble from Simla. The Anglo-Indians had not minded laughing at themselves so long as it was in the family, but now that even San Francisco editors knew there was something in India besides snakes, the Anglo-Indians from Calcutta to the hills lifted up their voices to say that they were really a very sober, hard-working people and not half so frivolous as one might think who knew them only through Mr. Kipling.

But Kipling had his fun. From the tone of his stories, especially those laid in Simla, the pundits had surmised that he was an elderly, sophisticated man of the world; he enjoyed their startled expressions and the sudden change in their written criticisms when they discovered that he was not half as old as they thought. When he signed some of his pieces "Yussuf," he had the pleasure of being told that it was a pity he did not have the intimate understanding of India that this new man "Yussuf" showed in his work.

One critic, having decided that Kipling was an ignoramus who had never read a book, invited him to dinner to ask questions. Kipling led him on, as he had led on the gambler in San Francisco. The critic did not shoot him, any more than the gambler had, but he felt like it. For it was soon apparent to him that he was

at the wrong end of a practical joke; whatever Kipling may have neglected, he had never neglected his reading. He made up authorities that had never existed and quoted them at the pundits; the pundits, as he had suspected they would, quoted them back at him the next time they saw him. This sort of thing was amusing, but there was too much else that was better to do.

In the midst of his notoriety, when it seemed that the whole world was suffering from what someone called "Kiplingitis," Kipling discovered that he was ill at ease with himself and dissatisfied. It was not the old story of riches turning to ashes; he enjoyed having money, he who up to this time had had so little. It was not that fame was unpleasant, though it had its disadvantages, especially in the way it made people claw at him to get him to do all kinds of things he did not want to do. Something deeper was wrong, something fundamental that he had to thrash out for himself.

That Kipling had been able to keep his feet on the ground during the first onslaught of his fame was due to many causes, not the least of which was his increasing interest in the problems of government, especially those of the British Empire. The most significant poem he wrote during his first year in London was not in the music-hall group with "Mandalay" or among the ballads with the famous one about East and West which declares the twain shall never meet. It was a thing called "Cleared," which was stirred up by trouble in Ireland. (About this time a friend wrote Robert Louis Stevenson that the two big questions in England were Ireland and Rudyard Kipling.)

Home-rule agitation, then at white heat, was under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, the "Uncrowned King of Ireland." There had been bloody skirmishes, and the London *Times* had published letters, said to be Parnell's, which showed that he approved the murder of two Englishmen in Dublin and, by implication, other similar acts of violence. When the

letters turned out to be forgeries, the British Parliament appointed a commission to inquire into Parnellism and crime. This commission, after more than a year of deliberation, pronounced Parnell and his immediate associates innocent.

Kipling blazed with anger when it was made public that the honourable gentleman had been "cleared." It was true that the honourable gentlemen had not fired the shots—oh, no, they would not do that—they had only encouraged other men to fire them. The honourable gentlemen were not brave enough to do their own murdering, and the commissioners were not brave enough to stand up and face the truth. Kipling denounced all of them in seventy-two scorching lines—"Cleared!"

Parnell is one of those people who even today cannot be discussed without an explosion, especially if there is an Irishman in the group, and the *London Times*, with its eye on the temper of the country, refused the poem. So did the next two papers to which it was offered. Henley finally printed it in the *Scots Observer*, and after a while the *Times* quoted it in full. Kipling felt at home. This was like the old careful days on the *Pioneer*. In London, as in Allahabad, when a subject was too hot to handle, newspapers waited for it to cool off.

This poem marked a turning point in Kipling's life. In it he had taken a definite stand on an international issue which was so controversial that those on one side (it did not matter which side) were blind with anger when they thought of the other. He had acted impulsively, and, as many thought, unjustly. His uncle, Mr. Burne-Jones, compared Parnell to Christ, and there were many who felt (many who still feel) that in the final squaring of accounts with the British government, Parnell was betrayed. What Kipling said about it might have been dismissed as the vapourings of a young poet blowing off steam, as young poets will, if he had not hit so hard. In this case (as in others to come) he meant to hurt, and he did hurt.

In his contacts with polite society Kipling had found,

here at the heart of the Empire, a group of men and women who frightened him. They were ladies and gentlemen, for the most part wealthy, who had never been out of England, except perhaps for a visit to France or Italy.

Of the British colonies they knew nothing and wanted to know nothing.

Their idea of the Anglo-Indian civil servant (Kipling's father was one) was that when he waked in the morning he said to his wife, " Well, I must get up and go out and oppress the natives. You stay at home and beat the servants." It did no good for Kipling to tell them that house servants in India were not required to work nearly so hard as the white servants in England. Even if the climate had permitted it, the Indians would not have submitted to it.

Furthermore, these " Little Englanders," as the group was called, felt that England should give up all her colonies, reduce her army and navy nearly to zero, and stay at home in her own island. When they denied the greatness of Empire, it was to Kipling as if they had denied God. He could see no merit whatever in their position, and the fact that the Beloved Aunt was a Little Englander did not change him.

There were two people—and only two—with whom he could talk himself out. These were his mother and father, and, as if sent by Fate, they came to England while he was in the middle of his crisis. The Fate that brought them was the state of Rudyard's health. He had been very ill with something like influenza, and they were exceedingly anxious about him.

It is worth while to pause here to note another Kipling book that was published in England about this time, a handsome brown-and-gold volume, *Beast and Man in India*, with illustrations by the author. The author was Mr. Lockwood—not Mr. Rudyard—Kipling. It was dedicated " To the Other Three," and Rudyard had a hand in it, for he wrote headings in verse for each of the chapters and was several times quoted as " my son." The *Jungle Books* lie in the future, but it is not too much

to say that the author was helped on his way towards them by his father's love of animals and his own intimate contact with this book about them.

All that seemed to matter at the moment was that his mother and father were here and could talk with him about what lay ahead. He could continue, as he had begun, as an entertainer, with now and then a light satire to give flavour to his work, and now and then a story or a series of stories that would call attention to the plight of some unfortunate mortal like Tommy Atkins. In this way, he would stay on the sidelines, and money, at least for some years, would continue to roll in. But what England needed more than an entertainer was a voice which would proclaim her splendour as an imperial power and her responsibility towards it. To become that voice would risk all Kipling had gained, for, in addition to praising England when she deserved it, it would involve condemning her when she needed it, in such poems as "Cleared," which had already alienated some of his admirers. But a big job was waiting there for someone, and the more Kipling thought of the more he wanted it for himself.

With his mother's help and his father's approval, he began with a poem, "The English Flag." To the Kiplings it was a proud thing to serve in far countries beneath that flag, and they were horrified by the Little Englanders who wanted to haul it in. The only excuse the Kiplings could find for them was their ignorance. They did not know the meaning of Empire, they did not even know the meaning of England. It was up to Rudyard, or someone, to tell them. His decision to do so was in the nature of a dedication.

The precarious state of his health threatened to bring a stop to everything, and he went to Italy to recuperate. There, by chance, he ran into Lord Dufferin, who had been the ablest of the Viceroy's in India during Rudyard's years in Lahore and Allahabad. Lord Dufferin had known the Lockwood Kiplings and was an admirer of their son, particularly because of a poem, "The Song of the Women," which Rudyard had written in honour

of Lady Dufferin's successful efforts to bring medical aid to the native women of India.

The Dufferins invited Kipling to stay with them in their villa near Naples. Here in long talks with the Viceroy he had his first close contact with the problems of government from the point of view of the man who is at the top. It was interesting and it was important, but Kipling was too tired to think. His mind was stale and more than Italy was needed for its refreshment.

He went back to London, and through another friend of the family, Mr. J. M. Cook, founder of Cook's Tours, arranged a complicated itinerary for himself to take in some of those parts of the British Empire that he had missed on his swing around the world from Allahabad to London.

The place of greatest change and development in 1891, the place from which most was expected, was South Africa. Rudyard said good-bye to his clubs, to the Beloved Aunt and his cousins, to the three old ladies and Mary Kingsley, to Mr. Wolcott Balestier and his sister Caroline, and headed for Cape Town.





## G O - F E V E R

DURING the long voyage to the Cape the passengers had one absorbing topic of conversation. They talked of other things, but they always came back to Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, a man who on his own initiative had recently added to the British Empire a territory in Central Africa, said to be more than half as large as the whole of Europe.

The talk ran something like this :

" I hear he used to go around at Oxford with his pockets full of diamonds."

" Well, why shouldn't he ? He owns all the diamonds in the world, doesn't he ?"

" I guess that's right. He controls them anyhow. Took over the whole Kimberley outfit when everybody else went off looking for gold."

" He's in gold too, I understand."

" That's right, but he doesn't own all the gold there is. Still, he's got more money than he knows what to do with."

"Money doesn't bring happiness. I've heard he's a very sick man."

"That's true, too, but he doesn't look it. He's a big blond man—stays out of doors a lot. Still, you can't judge by looks. He came down here when he was seventeen years old because he had lung trouble; kept having to leave Oxford; didn't get his degree until he was twenty-eight years old. Now he's got heart trouble too, but that friend of his, Jameson—Dr. Jim they call him—will pull him out of it."

"I don't understand Rhodes' game. If I had all that money I'd find a better place than South Africa to spend it. The Cape's all right to visit, but I wouldn't have it if you gave it to me."

"My guess is that Rhodes wants to take over all Africa for the British Empire. I've heard he thinks of himself as another Sir Walter Raleigh—Raleigh was in Oriel College at Oxford, same as Rhodes was—going out to plant colonies in the name of the Queen."

"But, good heavens, man, Raleigh's Queen was Elizabeth. That was in the sixteenth century. This is the nineteenth century, and the Queen's name—you seem to have forgotten it—is Victoria."

"I only repeat what I hear."

"Well, I'm a Little Englander myself. I don't believe in this Empire business. The whole thing is immoral."

"I wish the other countries thought so. Look at the Dutch and the Belgians and the French and the Italians and the Portuguese and the Germans, all grabbing what they can get."

"That does not alter the case. These military seizures——"

"But Rhodes is not a military man; he hates the military. He uses it when he has to—you can't build empires with kid gloves—but he hates it. He's a negotiator. He can get around anyone."

"How about that Dutchman, Kruger—president of the Transvaal Republic?"

"Kruger's tough. All those Boers are tough. But

maybe Dr. Jim can handle him. I've heard he could charm nuts off a tree."

"It will take more than charm. Mark my words: we are going to have trouble with the Boers."

"Why doesn't Rhodes settle everything himself? He's got money enough and power enough to set up a kingdom of his own. He doesn't have to bother with England."

"That's not his idea. He's all for the Empire. He wants England to send him the best men she's got; he wants to see all South Africa a land of homes; he wants railroads and schools and a university; he wants peace——"

"And wants to get it, I suppose, by taking it out of the hides of the natives, those poor Kaffirs and Hottentots."

"Not at all. He's got some scheme of world brotherhood, but I don't know just how he means to work it out. They say he has come to believe in equal rights for everybody—that is, for everybody that's civilised. I know for a fact that the natives all worship him. I tell you Rhodes is a big man . . ."

Rhodes was undoubtedly a big man, but he is another, like Parnell, about whom, even today, there is harsh division of opinion. Kipling thought he was a great man, one of the greatest in the world. Kipling saw him once on this trip, casually, when he came with two other men into a restaurant on Adderley Street in Cape Town, where Kipling was having lunch. "That's Cecil Rhodes," someone told him, indicating a big untidy man with a commanding presence. Kipling was too shy to introduce himself. He and Rhodes were to become friends, but not until six years later when Rhodes was in disgrace and Kipling once more was to take sides in a controversy in which there were no half measures. You either went with Rhodes or you hated him. Kipling went with him.

Kipling met another great Empire builder on this voyage. From Cape Town he took off for Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and would have gone on to

Samoa to see Robert Louis Stevenson, except that sailing dates to that remote island were so uncertain he had to give it up. He turned his course towards India. It was at dusk one evening when he was embarking from Invercargill on the South Island of New Zealand that he saw the other Empire builder. The first sight, though impressive, was disgusting.

This one was an old man. He came on board the ship walking backwards, beating a tambourine in the face of a crowd of people who were singing and shouting and crying and praying. The old man was General William Booth, who had founded the Salvation Army and, in the face of such opposition as not even Rhodes (up to this time) had met, had built it into a world organisation.

To those who know the Salvation Army only as it exists today, it seems incredible that when its members first appeared on the street they were clapped into jail. In Bombay as well as in London Salvationists had been arrested. Kipling knew this, and knew, too, that while the explorer, Henry Stanley, was harrowing the feelings of England with his book, *In Darkest Africa*, the General, without a shred of Victorian decency, had harrowed them still more with his book, *In Darkest England*.

General Booth had asked for the unemployed at least the same consideration that would be given to a sick horse that had fallen in the street. Feed them, he begged, clothe them, give them work, and put them on their feet again. Somehow respectable society felt that this would only encourage the idle to be still more idle, and since they needed workers in their factories, they decided to put the Salvation Army into jail. Jail had not stopped the General and the Army had gone its own noisy, red-coated, constructive way.

Kipling respected the Army, but on the passage to India he could not help telling the General how little he had liked the exhibition on the Invercargill wharf. With all the emphasis at his command (and with General Booth that was a very great deal of emphasis), the old man answered that if it would enable him to bring even one

more soul to the Lord, he would be willing to make a much bigger exhibition of himself—he would walk on his head and play the tambourine with his toes if it would help. Kipling apologised, and the General was added to his list of friends.

They parted at Colombo on the east coast of India, and Kipling raced north to spend Christmas with his family in Lahore. There was a family reunion of the sort that comes to some families only in their dreams; there was a reunion with the staff of the *Civil & Military Gazette*, and, not too surprisingly, with Stalky.

Stalky was stationed only a few miles out at Mian Mir. That summer he had (in his words) "the good fortune to be bitten by a mad dog." A few years earlier he would have been left to die, but a Dr. Pasteur in Paris had discovered a treatment for hydrophobia. Stalky's father furnished the money—the improvident young man hadn't enough of his own—and sent him off to Dr. Pasteur. Stalky-like, the patient thought of the expedition as a holiday, and, thoroughly enjoyed it.

Stalky had been in India seven years and had had malaria every year. He had taken a hand in polo, pig-sticking, and other similar diversions and had won considerable local renown as a singer of comic songs. He had added several new languages to his repertory and was finding his position as an officer in a regiment of natives very congenial. He had written a few articles for the *Civil & Military Gazette*, and was, on the whole, quite a promising young man.

But what interested Gigger most was the look on Stalky's face when he told how he had come back from Paris in the middle of the hot weather to find the drill sergeant dead, the office clerk gone, "leaving the regimental books in the most ghastly confusion," and himself almost alone in command of about six hundred men. Gigger knew that look. He had seen it many times when the leader of Study No. 5 at Westward Ho! was bringing his band back to safety through the furze bushes of Devonshire.

From Lahore, Rudyard went to Bombay where there was another reunion, this time with his *ayah*, but he did not linger. Once more he was on his way to London. A great sadness and a great happiness awaited for him.





## EARTHQUAKES

THE sadness was the death of young Mr. Wolcott Balestier, who had succumbed to typhoid while he was in Dresden on business. The happiness was Kipling's marriage to Mr. Balestier's sister Caroline, or Carrie, as she was more generally called. The wedding ceremony was performed at All Souls Church, Langham Place, London, on January 18, 1892. There were three witnesses: Henry James, the novelist, who had been a devoted friend of Mr. Balestier's; Edmund Gosse, the critic; and Ambrose Poynter, the groom's cousin. Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Kipling and Trixie were in India. The bride's mother was in London, but was too ill to come to the church, and the bride, who was nursing her, went home immediately after the ceremony, leaving the groom to go off to the wedding breakfast without her.

Mrs. Balestier was only one of thousands who were ill. London was in a panic. Influenza had struck and people were dying almost faster than they could be buried. Everyone who had anywhere else to go was

leaving the city, and Rudyard and his wife made ready to join the exodus as soon as Mrs. Balestier was able to travel.

The invaluable Mr. Cook arranged an around-the-world itinerary for them, giving special attention to the problem of getting to Samoa. Robert Louis Stevenson was somewhat anxious about his ability to take care of them, since there were to be two ladies in the party. Vailima, his home, was three miles from the village of Apia, and luggage and provisions had to be brought up by pack saddle. He had only one pack saddle and his house was without ice or electricity or any other modern conveniences; he was afraid the ladies would find it too primitive, but he was ready to welcome them hospitably.

The plan was not carried out, but it was no fault of Stevenson's. The Kiplings finally decided to begin their honeymoon by bringing Mrs. Balestier back to her home in Vermont; and when they set sail on the *Teutonic*, the new luxury liner of the day, there were four in the Kipling group—Rudyard and his wife, his wife's mother, and his wife's sister, Josephine.

Kipling was an experienced traveller, but in all his journeying he had seen nothing to prepare him for his wife's home in Vermont in midwinter. They reached Brattleboro around midnight on February 18, 1892, with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below freezing and the air as sharp as a knife. Kipling had seen snow from a distance on the Himalayas, he had seen it on Fujiyama in Japan, and on the peaks of mountains in the western United States, but he had never been in the middle of it like this.

His wife's brother, Beatty Balestier, bundled up like an Eskimo, was waiting for them at the Brattleboro station with horses and a sleigh and blankets and fur-lined caps. The newcomers wrapped themselves to the eyes and soon the sleigh was jingling through the frosty, starry night; it was like a ride in a dream, like something written in a book, as unreal in its own different way as the elephant city of Moulmein in Burma.



Daylight came, clear, blue, cloudless—such a day as makes the glory of the New England winter. Kipling plunged into it. He learned about snowshoes. He learned the difference between a sleigh, which is light, and a sledge, which is heavy, when he saw a pair of red oxen drawing wood across the snow on a sledge. He learned that New Englanders do not drive oxen by twisting their tails, which was the universal practice in India, but by saying "Gee" and "Haw" at them. He had met these two words in American books, but this was the first time he had heard them in use.

Kipling, although already dedicated to the service of the British Empire, was not yet committed to any place as home. The climate made India out of the question, and the climate of London had proved almost as trying. His illness there had alarmed him and his contacts had taught him that he was not meant for city life. By contrast, New England, with its invigorating air, its pleasant houses and friendly people, seemed to offer everything he wanted. He and his wife were on their way around the world, but they had found the spot to which they would return. Kipling bought twelve acres of land just over the Brattleboro line in the town of Dummerston. Then he and his wife set out for Japan.

Travelling west to pick up the Canadian-Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, they embarked upon the *Empress of India* at Vancouver. They reached Yokohama without mishap, but had hardly begun to enjoy it when disaster overtook them. First there was an earthquake, which came early one morning with the cracking sound of doom and sent the young Kiplings flying out of doors. It was over in two minutes—two very long minutes—and, as earthquakes go, was of little consequence. It had nothing to do with the second crash, though afterwards it seemed like an omen for what followed.

The bank failed. That day in Yokohama Kipling saw Englishmen, Americans, South Africans, Germans, and French lose all they had and take it standing. He

took it with them—standing. For he, too, had lost everything except the cash he had in his pockets, his and his wife's personal belongings in their trunks, and two tickets for the rest of their trip around the world.

This time Kipling could not keep it to himself. He was not alone. He had a partner, bound to him "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer," but it was not easy to tell her that nearly all they had was gone. He need not have worried. Carrie Balestier's father had been a wealthy man and she was accustomed to luxury, but she was a Vermonter, and no woman born and brought up in Vermont could be daunted by a little matter of having to economise. The excellent Mr. Cook refunded the balance on their tickets and they came back to Brattleboro. Once more Kipling had failed to reach Samoa. He never tried again. By the time he was free to make another effort Stevenson was dead.

Money would soon be coming in—Kipling knew that, just as he had known it in London—but neither he nor his wife was willing to spend it before they had it. Earthquakes were not common in New England, but bank failures might happen anywhere. They had land for a house—twelve acres of it—but the house itself would have to wait.

For ten dollars a month they rented a small farmhouse known as Bliss Cottage and furnished it as simply as possible, protecting the base with spruce boughs to keep out the winter draughts. Small as it was, Kipling had a workroom of his own on the ground floor, and that winter, as he looked out over the expanse of snow, his mind went back to India. He had some thought of writing a story about an Irish boy named Kim, but he put it aside. Another boy from India had taken possession of his mind, a boy named Mowgli.

Kipling had already written a story (*In the Rukh*) about Mowgli's young manhood. Now he went back to his childhood, beginning when he was a baby with the story of how he escaped *Shere Khan*, the tiger, and—on the word of *Baloo*, the brown bear, and *Bagheera*,

the black panther—was adopted as a member of the wolf pack led by *Akela*.

In the days to come when Kipling himself was as hot a subject for controversy as Rhodes or Parnell, the best way to clear the air was for someone to say, "Remember, we are talking about the man who wrote the *Jungle Books*." Over and above politics, over and above Empire, stand Mowgli and his brothers: Baloo, who taught him the Law of the Jungle; *Bagheera*, who explained the ways of men; and *Kaa*, the python, who saved him from the *Bandar-log*, or monkey people.

Mowgli was not the only child who came to Bliss Cottage that winter. In December the Kiplings' first child was born, a little girl whom they called Josephine. The year ended with three birthdays in a row—Josephine's on December 29, her father's on December 30, and her mother's on December 31.

By this time manuscripts in Kipling's handwriting and first editions of his books were bringing high prices from collectors. Knowing this, and wishing to give the nurse who had taken care of his daughter and her mother a special mark of appreciation, Kipling presented her with the first draft of *Mowgli's Brothers* and told her that if she was ever hard up she must sell it. It is pleasant to know that the nurse, Miss Susan Bishop, was able to dispose of the manuscript as the author had wished her to. When hard times came she sold it to a wealthy American collector. Her opinion of Kipling, after close association with him, was that he had a heart of gold.

Miss Bishop's opinion is important, especially because of her opportunities for observing him. The rest of the world, including many of his Vermont neighbours, was beginning to think his heart was made of a less precious material. His fame had reached such proportions that he was under pressure from all sides and was obliged to protect himself. Reporters, editors, lecture managers, insurance agents, pedlars, and salesmen besieged him. His own interest in people was as great as it had ever been, but it stayed among his friends

and among the men who could do things—like the craftsmen among the New England lumbermen who could mark a spot on the ground upon which they wished one of the giants of the forest to lie and could cut it so as to make it fall precisely there.

Kipling's wife was not an author, but she knew what an author needed. She knew that her husband had to have long uninterrupted hours and she stood guard over him. His work had the right of way over everything else, and some of the natives felt that Carrie Balestier was getting above herself when she said that Mr. Kipling must not be disturbed. She was no better than anybody else and neither was her husband, if you came right down to it.

One of the ways in which Kipling saved his own freedom and at the same time gave financial help to one who needed it was by turning over the construction of his new house to his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier. Beatty was married and had a small daughter, Marjorie, to whom Kipling was devoted. He had inherited money, but he had wasted most of it. He needed a job and Kipling gave him one. It was he who imported workmen from Quebec to build the Naulakha (pronounced like the name of the book but spelled with the *k* in front of the *h*). The Naulakha was the Kiplings' new home, a big comfortable house built in a style reminiscent of an Indian bungalow. This was not the most appropriate style for New England, but the house suited their needs and Kipling proudly referred to it as his "ship."

In other ways the Kiplings brought Anglo-India to New England. In Bliss Cottage, even during the intervals when they had no servants, they put on formal evening clothes for dinner. That was British tradition, not the country tradition of Vermont. The native might have forgiven Kipling, for he was an Englishman, but Carrie was one of them. She knew what Brattleboro expected and she knew what the consequences must be if she flaunted her new habits in the face of public opinion. During the daytime Kipling, with his bent

shoulders and rather shabby clothes, looked like almost any other toilworn son of the granite hills, but those evening clothes set him apart. The neighbours knew that he and Carrie dressed for dinner—it seemed to him that the neighbours knew everything.

Caroline Kipling had grown to love the English way of living while she was in London with her brother Wolcott. She was a remarkably attractive and capable girl (such profound students of human character as the novelists Henry James and Thomas Hardy have left testimony to this effect) and it was by her own desire, rather than because of any lack in personality that she lived in the shadow of her famous husband. Since to him the English way was the right way, she was ready to follow him.

When the family physician, Dr. Conland, the leading citizen of Brattleboro, advised her, after she had been ill, to stay in the fresh air, she took the way of following the advice that pleased her most. This was driving about the country. Kipling bought her a pair of Morgan horses and a carriage, and she hired an English coachman, fitting him out in the proper English style with top hat, top boots, a blue coat, and doeskin breeches. The natives rushed to the windows to see Carrier's equipage prance down the streets. The person who was most irritated by it was her brother, Beatty. Beatty in his more prosperous days had been a good bit of a show-off himself; it irked him to have his sister or anyone else take the centre of the stage.

The Kiplings were reputed to be enormously rich, and since all their money came from the simple process of putting words down on paper, it seemed to a number of people that they were having an easier time than they deserved. The objectors had no inkling of the difficulties involved in making words come alive after they are written down. Kipling enjoyed writing, even the physical act of writing, but this does not mean that it was not hard work. No man in Vermont worked harder than he did during the years he lived there.

Those were not good years for a loyal Englishman to be in the United States. Each country was brewing a war of its own—the South African, or Boer, War for England, the Spanish-American War for the United States—and each was getting on the other's nerves with well-meant advice.

When the United States harassed England, it was called "twisting the lion's tail"; when England harassed the United States it was "pulling out the eagle's feathers." And every time America made the lion roar Kipling made the eagle scream. It would have been comic if it had not been so deadly serious. Both countries had triumphs and both took beatings.

The worst beating the United States had was over the seal fisheries in the Bering Sea. She had acquired the Pribilof Islands, which were the main breeding grounds for the seals, when she purchased Alaska; and she felt that, like Russia, from whom she had got them, she should have control of the industry. Without some kind of regulation it was in danger of disappearing. Great Britain agreed that there should be regulation, but claimed that, since Bering was an open sea, it should be on an international scale. Instead of going to war about it, the two countries agreed to arbitration by a committee in Paris, and the decision went against the United States.

Kipling took the attitude of the United States in this affair as proof of the country's lawlessness, but while he was thinking of seals his imagination ran away with him. He soared beyond the level of international squabbles and wrote the most beautiful seal story that has ever been written in the tale of little Kotick, the white seal, which is in the first *Jungle Book*. When he did things like this, America forgave him all else. Even when he did not want forgiveness, America forgave him.

Soon after the settlement of the "Bering Sea Question," England and the United States came much closer to war over a boundary dispute in Venezuela. Ownership

of more than twenty thousand acres of mineral land was in question and Venezuela asked the United States to arbitrate. Great Britain chose to ignore this; whereupon, invoking the Monroe Doctrine, the United States passed a resolution in Congress to ignore Great Britain. Kipling was almost beside himself at the thought of such impudence and folly. Finally, by disregarding both tail twisters and feather snatchers, the two countries managed to settle this, too, by arbitration.

Nor were these the only disputes. Parnell was dead, but home-rule agitation in Ireland was as lively as ever, and the Irish in the United States were giving both money and sympathy to the cause. The trouble in South Africa was becoming more and more threatening and the American heart was going out to the Boer. To the average American the Boer was another embattled farmer, like the ones that had fought at Lexington and Concord. The Boer was not exactly like that, but nearly enough to make a strong popular appeal. Kipling had already taken his stand on that. He stood with Rhodes—and England.

There was not so much talk in the United States about another of England's problems—the old threat of war with Russia on the northern frontier of India—but Americans were not backward about pointing out to Kipling that the British were oppressing the East Indians. Kipling, in his turn, was not backward about reminding them that at least they had not killed them off, as the Americans had the Red Indians in their own country.

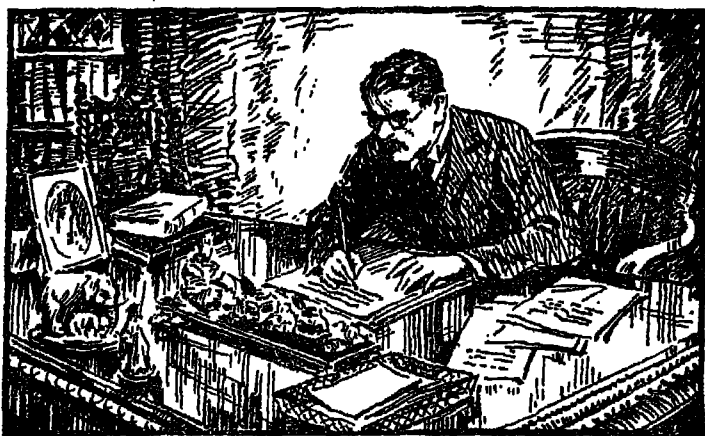
Kipling was not destined to be an American. On the ship which had first brought him and his wife to the United States, he had met one who was as staunchly American as he was staunchly British. This was the historian, Henry Adams, grandson and great-grandson of a President of the United States, who, as secretary for his father when the latter was minister to Great Britain, had learned something of the character of the English.

He had come to believe that the typical American

and the typical Englishman were two separate beings and "could not be glued together." His acquaintance with Kipling, though he enjoyed the infinite "fun and variety" of Kipling's mind, confirmed this opinion. Kipling and the American could not be glued together. Time was to prove Henry Adams correct. Kipling was to be for ever happy with his American wife and was to have many American friends, but the older he grew the more English he became. At the last he was not even Anglo-Indian. He was pure John Bull.

This was perhaps inevitable, but the growth was slow, and in the meantime, in spite of the overcharged atmosphere, his years in Vermont were, on the whole, happy and fruitful.





## FLAYED ALIVE

TO THOSE who wanted to get into the Naulakha and could not, Kipling seemed surly and gruff. Most of these never saw him, for the "Balestier girl" well knew how necessary privacy was to her gifted husband and was able, most of the time, to see that he had it. It is to her that we are indebted for the immense amount of writing that he did in his American years—the *Jungle Books*, *Captains Courageous*, most of the stories in *Many Inventions*, and most of the poems in *The Seven Seas*.

Only to intruders and to those without the proper respect (in Kipling's opinion) for the British Empire were the Kiplings ungracious. Reporters were ruthlessly left out in the cold, but not even Mrs. Kipling's devotion could lessen the quantity of mail that needed attention. The autograph hunters alone made an appreciable burden. To write one's name seems too small a thing ever to refuse, but multiply it by a hundred times or more and consider that many of the autographs were wanted in books. The books had to be unwrapped, written in,

wrapped again, readdressed, and carted back to the post office in Brattleboro. Kipling finally issued a card stating that he would give autographs only to those who had contributed five shillings to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, an announcement which enriched the fund by about £1000. In time he had a post office of his own in the house of a neighbour, one of the few ever granted in the United States to a private individual.

Friends who were made welcome at the Naulakha found it full of wit and gaiety, with a host who not only was a brilliant conversationalist himself, but who could also draw out his guests so that they too seemed brilliant. The great storyteller was a good listener, and, once the talk was under way, there was nothing he enjoyed more than curling up on a couch, like a small bright-eyed, cross-legged Buddha, and drinking it in as it swirled around him.

One visitor of whom he never tired was Dr. Conland, who in his youth had served with the Gloucester fishing fleet and had endless yarns of the brave old days. These talks gradually led into *Captains Courageous*, on which the two men worked together. Details of the fishing industry came out of Dr. Conland's memory and were supplemented by trips to Gloucester and Boston, where he and Kipling wandered among the fishermen along the wharfs, boarded their schooners and watched them at work. Kipling himself saw a memorial service in Gloucester of the kind that is described in the book and most of the material was gathered at first-hand, but the enthralling picture of life at sea on the Grand Banks owed much to Dr. Conland, as Kipling, ever alert to give credit to anyone who had helped him, did not fail to point out.

In shaping the story part Kipling went back to Albert, that "ordinary American child" whom he had met on the ship on the way to Hong Kong. What would happen to a spoiled, obnoxious boy like Albert if he were placed aboard a schooner off the Grand Banks and forced to live and work among such men as these who fished

for cod? Kipling's answer was that it would make a man of him, as it did of Harvey Cheyne. And that old man at Beaver, Pennsylvania, who had lost everything in the Johnstown Flood—could not he, too, find a sort of happiness among them? Of course, especially if he had someone like "Uncle Salters" to look after him. He, too, went into *Captains Courageous*.

Among those who came to the Naulakha from New York was Mr. S. S. McClure, who talked for hours about *McClure's Magazine*, which was soon to enter upon a crusade against boss rule and graft in the government of American cities. Came also one who was soon to be a partner of Mr. McClure's in a publishing house of their own, Mr. Frank Nelson Doubleday, who at that time was working for Charles Scribner's Sons. He brought an idea for a collected edition of Kipling's works.

Kipling was never able to make the collection the way he wanted it, for pirates had been busy with the uncopyrighted material and, without his permission, had ransacked the files of the Indian newspapers for unconsidered trifles he had forgotten. They had even brought up pieces he had not written and published them under his name. A few years later Mr. Doubleday helped as much as anyone could with this problem. He published the stolen books at such low prices that the pirates had to drop out of the competition, and he made sure that all under Kipling's name had in fact been written by Kipling. Even so there was much that Kipling would never have reprinted if the pirates had not forced him into it. It was Kipling who, playing upon Mr. Doubleday's initials, "F.N.D.", gave him the Turkish name, "Effendi," by which he was afterwards known to most of his friends.

Kipling saw Mark Twain again, but during his later years in Vermont, Mark was on a lecture tour around the world. Soon after he set out, he wrote Kipling to say that he had heard he was going back to India; if it was true, he, Mark Twain, meant to return the compliment of that visit to Elmira. Mark Twain loved Kipling's

poetry and used to read it aloud to his friends. He and Kipling did not agree in their political views, but they were alike being troubled by the way political events were shaping up.

Kipling drove around New England with an old friend of the Grange days, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard, a man whom he trusted so much that he consented a few years later to his writing a short biographical sketch of him for a new edition of the *Plain Tales*. Another Harvard Professor, William James, the philosopher, whom he visited, thought him a regular little brick of a man and the greatest literary phenomenon of the age, but wondered at his lack of sympathy for the Yankee. Professor James was not alone in wondering about this.

In Washington, D.C., Kipling and Theodore Roosevelt were greatly attracted to each other. Roosevelt was not yet President of the United States, not yet even the hero of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, but he was young and vital and sure of himself, and his patriotism had some of the qualities of imperialism. That was the kind of patriotism Kipling could understand. He and Roosevelt remained friends until the latter's death in 1919.

In Washington he also met Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley a few months after he had, for the first time in history, demonstrated that a heavier-than-air machine could fly. Professor Langley's model, after a minute and a half aloft, had ignominiously crashed into the Potomac and he had been unmercifully hooted when, in the face of this, he continued to say that the time was not far off when men would fly through the air in craft built on the same principles as his. "I shall not live to see it," he told Kipling, "but you will." Kipling was one of the few ready to believe him.

He was one of the first to see the romance of modern invention. Before he met Professor Langley he had seen it in the railways that men were flinging across continents, in the big new liners that were ploughing the seas, in the

turbines that were driving dynamos all over the world ; and he had begun to write about it.

In *The Ship That Found Herself* and .007 (to single out only two of many examples that could be given) he made personalities out of a cargo boat and a locomotive. These stories were meant to show that an engine is more than a collection of plates and rivets and pipes—it is a complicated assemblage of man-made parts, every one of which has to learn to work with every other before the engine develops what he called a "soul." This became common knowledge a few years later when people began buying automobiles and found that they had to spend the first five hundred miles breaking them in, but in those days only a handful of fanatics believed in automobiles. Most people had never seen one.

One of Kipling's most celebrated poems of this period is "McAndrew's Hymn," a long monologue in which an old Scottish engineer calls for a man of the people like Robert Burns to sing the song of steam and delivers his final judgment on the sort of man who feels that steam is spoiling romance at sea. An idiot, no less, McAndrew considered such a one.

Whatever Kipling did was so quickly imitated that no one today can realise how fresh and original the *Jungle Books* and *The Ship That Found Herself* and "McAndrew's Hymn" were when they first appeared. What left the imitators gasping was the speed with which he moved ahead. By the time they were doing *Jungle Books*, he was doing engines ; and by the time they were doing engines he was doing something else. No one could keep up with him.

Some of his readers were grumbling. Those with their minds set for a juicy bit of scandal out of Simla with Mrs. Hauksbee pulling the strings were disconcerted to find that Kipling's latest Indian story was about a mongoose named Rikki-Tikki-Tavi ; and those who wanted more poems with the far-off glamour of "Mandalay" were insulted when he told them to look

at the nine-fifteen train coming into their own hometown. There, he said, was romance! So they began to call him a materialist.

Critics were saying it was too bad, Kipling was written out, he was ruining himself, he was doomed. One who had expected him to develop normally into a great novelist, one who spent his own leisure hours talking with the British aristocracy and his working hours writing about them, gave him up as his subjects dropped lower and lower in the social scale from "the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds (he meant Mowgli's brothers), from the quadrupeds to the fish (he meant *Captains Courageous*), and from the fish to the engines and screws."

The greenery-gallery young men in London drawing-rooms lifted their æsthetic noses when word came back that the literary phenomenon had written a book about codfish ("Codfish, my dear!") but there was no decrease in the Kipling boom. For every reader who turned aside, hundreds of new ones were added, and Kipling pursued his own course, writing as he pleased, still caring, so far as the public was concerned, only for the golden opinion of his mother and father.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling had retired from India and was settled with Mrs. Kipling in the village of Tisbury in Wiltshire, England. He had visited the Naulakha, bringing gifts from India, and he and Rudyard had gone off on a jaunt into Canada. Twice during the Naulakha period Kipling gathered up his family and took them to Tisbury. On one of these trips he went to Westward Ho! to speak in behalf of the old boys on the occasion of Mr. Price's farewell to the school which he had served for twenty years.

Kipling during his earlier time in Vermont seems always to have been glad to get back. There were certain delights that never palled, like watching the New England autumn flame across the hillsides, tramping gunless through the woods on snowshoes, or playing golf

in the snow with the congregational minister, the Rev. Mr. Day, using balls that had been painted red. Kipling said the Rev. Mr. Day was interested in all athletics, but played "more like a poet than an athlete."

During the winters the Kiplings hovered over seed catalogues and wrote orders for supplies. Kipling was the kind of man who would write to the nurseryman from whom he had obtained his stock to tell him how beautifully the shrubs had grown and how wonderfully the plants had bloomed. He was the kind of man who, when a woman across the hills told him that the light at the Naulakha had been a comfort to her during the lonely winter, took pains to see that the light on that side of the house was, for her sake, kept burning. He was still, as always, the kind of man that children adored, for he was the kind of man who would get down on the floor with them to tell stories of Mowgli and the *Bandar-log*, leaving the unimportant matters of adult life to take care of themselves.

A second daughter, Elsie, was born to the Kiplings in January, 1896. Thus the year began happily, but it was not to continue that way, for by this time the coolness that had developed between the Kiplings and Beatty Balestier was serious.

Those who knew Mr. Balestier say that he had charm, but it was the irresponsible charm of the wastrel and spendthrift who drinks too much. Kipling had a weakness for strong, hard-working men, and the type that his brother-in-law represented was one for which he never had much compassion; it was the type that brought to the front all Kipling's inheritance from his preacher ancestors; he wanted to reform it, save it, and set it on its feet again.

But Beatty Balestier, like most squanderers of time and money and talent, did not want to be reformed or saved, and as he sank lower and lower his resentment grew against his brother-in-law's well-meant efforts in his behalf, against his brother-in-law's increasing fame and prosperity, and against his sister's English airs.

There were other irritations, and the relationship between the two families reached a point where any match could have set it aflame. The match that did it was gossip.

Beatty heard that Rud had made uncomplimentary remarks about his lack of thrift. He responded with loud-mouthed threats. How far he actually meant to go no one can say. In later years he claimed that he was only bluffing, but it is difficult to predict what any man will do when he is angry. Kipling felt that his life was in danger, and it is evident that his wife agreed with him.

Under such circumstances there was only one course for a law-abiding, law-respecting Englishman, and Kipling followed it. He went to court. This was the English way, for Americans, as a rule, settle their family differences without recourse to law. Beatty was arrested, reporters swarmed gleefully into Brattleboro, and the stage was set to butcher Kipling for a New England holiday. The Balestier family begged their madcap relative to apologise to Kipling and have done with the whole ridiculous business, but Beatty was in his element. He wanted to go to court.

Kipling could refuse to allow reporters into the Naulakha, but he could not keep them out of the courtroom. He could refuse to be interviewed on the subject of his differences with his brother-in-law, but he could not prevent his brother-in-law from giving his own flamboyant version of the affair. Beatty presented himself as the persecuted victim of the rich and reticent Mr. Kipling. When Kipling took the stand his carefully won privacy was stripped away, and the man who had "sweated cold" in the presence of one interviewer in Japan could hardly have suffered more if he had been flayed alive in public.

When the undignified proceedings were finished, Beatty was bound over for the grand jury in the autumn, the case thus far having gone in Kipling's favour, but Kipling had had enough of American courts, American



newspapers and American brothers-in-law. He and his wife and the two little girls left the Naulakha in August and sailed for England on the second of September. They never saw Vermont again.





## THE ELMS

KIPLING was now thirty-one years old, a man with a wife and two children, but his life was still more or less that of a wandering pilgrim who had stopped often enough at pleasant firesides to know that he urgently wanted one of his own. He would never cease travelling—the go-fever was too deep in his blood—but he needed an anchorage, a place where his soul was in harmony with his background, a place where Josephine and Elsie could have the kind of happy childhood that had been denied to their father.

He thought perhaps he had found it in a big sunny house in the resort town of Torquay on the south coast of Devonshire, but he was mistaken. He did not stay long in Torquay, but the move was not altogether lost, for Mr. Cormell Price—"Uncle Crom," or, now that Kipling was also a man, simply "Crommy"—came for a visit, and as they talked together Kipling's busy mind hit upon the thought of writing something about the education of boys. The "something" grew (but not overnight) into *Stalky & Co.*

The trouble with the big sunny house was that it was not what it seemed. A fog of depression hovered over it, and no sunshine was bright enough, no laughter gay enough, to dispel it. Kipling was as sensitive as an Oriental to the spirit of a house, and the spirit of this one was wrong. He tried to persuade himself that it was foolish to feel as he did, but when he discovered that his wife felt the same way, they packed up their belongings, took the children and their nurses, and fled, putting Torquay behind them before they had located another place to live.

Like homing pigeons, they headed for the Beloved Aunt. As a temporary solution she offered them the North End House at Rottingdean. Here in August, 1897, their third child was born, a son, John—or Jack. Meanwhile they found another house on the Rottingdean green which seemed to be waiting for them. It was called the Elms. It was small and not too sturdily built, not in any way comparable with the splendour they had left at Torquay, but its spirit was right—just right—and there was a wall around it for privacy. The Kiplings moved in—temporarily—and stayed five years.

Besides the North End House and the Elms, there was another house on the green which had been drawn into the family circle. This was the Dene, the home of the Ridsdales, whose elder daughter, Lucy, had married Stanley Baldwin.

The family circle was a most happy one. Uncle Topsy was dead, but Sir Edward and Lady Burne-Jones (the baronetcy was conferred in 1894) still divided their time between the Grange and the North End House, and Sir Edward was as jolly as ever. Now that Ruddy was in Rottingdean, it became a special place for him to go to "laugh and roar and throw care to the dogs." His son, Philip, and his nephew, Stanley Baldwin, were often there to join in the laughing and roaring; and Kipling's three children had their Stanley Baldwin cousins and their father's Cousin Margaret's three children for their entertainment. Kipling's mother and father

at their home in Wiltshire were near enough to be counted into the family group. Kipling was "Ruddy" or "Cousin Ruddy," his wife "Carrie" or "Aunt Carrie."

London was close at hand, with all the advantages of a great metropolis, such as museums and libraries and clubs. Kipling enjoyed the clubs most of all, and he had the very great honour of being invited to join the Athenæum under the rule that admitted distinguished persons without ballot. He was the youngest of all the members by about twenty years, and was so overwhelmed by the attention (he was ever one of the most modest of men) that he asked Burne-Jones, who was a member, to go with him the first time he put in his appearance. The Savile had changed, as clubs will, since he had left England, but there were two others beside the Athenæum that he enjoyed, the Beefsteak and the Carlton. All his life, next to the companionship of children, he loved the fellowship of men.

Late in the summer of 1897 and in the summer that followed, Kipling went out, by invitation, with the Channel Squadron and learned at first hand something about the bluejackets to whom, on these trips, he lost his heart, as long ago he had lost it to Tommy Atkins. On one of the cruises, at a dinner aboard the flagship, he recited his poem in honour of the Royal Regiment of Marines, "Soldier and Sailor Too." For an encore he gave "The Flag of England," and when he finished was swept off his feet and carried around the deck on the shoulders of a group of subalterns while the bands played and the officers sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"This is my idea of fame," said another English author, recording it in his journal, not without envy. Other authors would not have been human if they had not envied Kipling.

The English newspapers have never tormented the private life of a man in the way American papers so often have, but the gaping, curious crowd did not leave Kipling alone at Rottingdean, and the bus driver from Brighton was not slow to take advantage of his eminent

presence. The driver used to stop his horses before the Elms and shout aloud that this was where Mr. Kipling lived, and all the passengers gawked, whether or not they knew who Kipling was.

Kipling wrote in protest, but got no answer. He wrote again and got no answer. He wrote a third time, with the same result. Then he went to protest in person.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you get all my letters?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you answer?"

"I hoped you'd keep on writing. I've been making more money out of the letters than I have out of the bus route."

By this time any scrap of Kipling's writing had become a collector's item, and it distressed him. He had none of that vanity which makes an author feel that he has "arrived" when the collectors want him. It grieved him to know that his personal letters had become articles of commerce, and he could never understand the impulse that made collectors pay more than £300 for a copy of the proofs of the *United Services Chronicle* because he had written an editorial for it and had made marginal corrections in his own hand. He knew to the last syllable how unimportant *Schoolboy Lyrics* was as a book of poetry and could not see why anyone should pay £260 for it or £210 for a copy of *Echoes*, the little book he had written with his sister, or, to take a long jump, £4,000 for a copy of *The Smith Administration*, an unauthorised book of his sketches in the Indian newspapers, which he ordered suppressed.

Kipling had no control over collectors or tourists. Copies of *Schoolboy Lyrics* or *The Smith Administration* could belong to whoever had money enough to pay for them. The bus driver was not the only one who tried to get a letter from him so as to make a profit on it. Hundreds were asking for something, if only his signature.

He had to turn most of them away, but there was one person for whom he wrote whole pages full of his name so she could cut them up and swap them to her school-mates for treasures of theirs which seemed to her more valuable.

This was his Cousin Margaret's daughter, Angela Mackail,\* who was the special friend of his daughter Josephine. The two little girls used to make up their own games about Knights of the Round Table, Greeks and Trojans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, with Cousin Ruddy, as Angela called him, in the spirited part of the "enemy."

Sometimes when a truce was declared the "enemy"—say, the Roundhead—would invite the Cavaliers into his study and tell them a story—a story of a Whale that swallowed a Mariner or of an Elephant's Child who was spanked by all his relatives because he asked what the crocodile ate for dinner. These were *The Just-So Stories*, written especially for Josephine, who appears in them as Taffy. Her father is Tegumai.

If Kipling had been purely an artist, a poet, and a storyteller, he could have been almost completely happy at Rottingdean, but that part of him which watched over the British Empire was more profoundly disturbed than it had ever been.

The year after his return to England—1897—was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The old Queen had been on the throne for sixty years, and most people had a feeling that she might be there for ever. Those sixty years had been momentous one for England. The country had passed through the Industrial Revolution—the change from handwork to machinery—without civil war, and had made herself the manufacturing centre of the Empire. In doing this she had bartered her self-sufficiency for a system of mutual dependence upon her overseas possessions. The latter were to furnish raw

\* She is now Angela Thirkell, author of *The Brandons*, and many other novels of English country life, which have entertained readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

materials; England was to make them into saleable goods. This meant that England had staked her future upon the power of her navy, but almost no one saw cause for alarm in this. Britannia ruled the waves.

Throughout the Victorian Era the Empire had kept expanding, sometimes with war, sometimes without, but there had been no major war, only such comparatively small ones as the Burma and Afghanistan fights, the conflict in the Sudan, and the first skirmish with the Boers in South Africa. No threat of invasion had appeared since Napoleon had been defeated more than eighty years earlier, and in the midst of prosperity and apparent security England forgot her troubles and abandoned herself to loud and joyous pæans of triumph.

Kipling forgot nothing, and there was a complacency about the Jubilee celebrations that frightened him. When the fanfare had somewhat died away, he put all his heart into the poem "Recessional," which was first published in the *London Times* and then around the world. The poem was a prayer to the Lord God of Hosts to be with the people of the Empire lest they forget under whose Hand they held dominion.

There was soon to be trouble in China in the Boxer Rebellion (Stalky served a while in this), but towards the end of 1897 the place that seemed to Kipling most certainly in the line of marching troops was South Africa. Partly to see how nearly right he was, he took his family that winter on what was to be the first of their many trips to the Cape. Mr. Lockwood Kipling went with them.



## EDGE OF WAR

Six years had passed since Kipling had made this trip alone, but the subject of conversation on all ships going to South Africa was still the same—Cecil Rhodes. This time Kipling was fortunate in having as a fellow-passenger one who could speak with authority—Mr. John Hays Hammond, an American, a graduate of Yale, who was Rhodes' chief consulting engineer. It was Mr. Hammond who introduced them.

"Any interesting passengers on the way down?" Rhodes asked him.

"Kipling," said Mr. Hammond. "I'd like to bring him over for lunch."

Since that day in 1891, when Kipling had caught a glimpse of him in the Cape Town restaurant, Rhodes had been steadily losing ground. His closest friend, the charming Dr. Jim, had spent nearly a year in jail and was still in disgrace for having made a raid—the notorious Jameson Raid—into the Boer Republic, the Transvaal. Rhodes shared the disgrace.



Jameson's plan had been to free the non-Boer population, especially in the city of Johannesburg, from the tyranny of the Transvaal President, Paul Kruger. Most of the people in Johannesburg were outsiders—Uitlanders, the Boers called them; English, American, German, and many other nationalities were represented. These had built Johannesburg into the largest city in the country and were paying most of the taxes, but Kruger was unwilling to build schools for them or even to allow them to vote. The Uitlanders had a case against the Boers, as the Boers, who had asked only to be let alone, had against them; but Jameson, instead of leaving the two parties who were most concerned to work it out between themselves, decided to invade the Transvaal with an armed force, expecting the Uitlanders to join him in overthrowing the unprogressive Kruger regime. The only excuse for Jameson is that it seemed hopeless to everyone to think that Kruger and the Uitlanders could be brought into agreement. His scheme for forcing them to get together, which was illegal to the last degree, was the sort of thing a home government never forgives unless it is completely successful. In this case, with half a dozen or more men trying to manage it, the raid had met with one hundred per cent failure.

Jameson accepted full blame, but there were others who went to jail with him, including Mr. Hammond and a brother of Cecil Rhodes. The leaders, again including Mr. Hammond and Rhodes' brother, were sentenced to death, then to life imprisonment, then were heavily fined (Rhodes paid the fines), sentenced to shorter terms and eventually set free.

Rhodes had not been with the raiders, but he had helped plan the expedition, and because of his connection with it had been obliged to resign his positions as Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and head of the Chartered Company which the British government had authorised for the development of central Africa. He had had to appear before a Parliamentary inquiry at the Cape and at another in England, and some of his closest

friends had advised him to get out of Africa and stay out.

Rhodes might have saved himself by leaving Dr. Jameson to hold the bag, just as Jameson might have saved himself by ducking out and leaving Rhodes with it. Twenty years of trust and friendship kept either of these two things from happening, Rhodes held to his original course. "I should be a very small human being if I altered through the recent troubles the ideas of a lifetime," he said, and set out for the northern part of Rhodesia (the land he had taken for England) where there was emphatic need of him.

Bad as the raid was, it was not the worst that happened to South Africa during that terrible winter of 1895-96. In the midst of the political turmoil rinderpest struck the cattle—the chief source of South African wealth—and famine and despair lay over the land. The government ordered infected herds destroyed. This was the only way to stop the plague, but it was hard, even for men who were sufficiently educated to understand why it had to be done. To the natives, the Matabele tribes in the Matoppos Hills in northern Rhodesia, this destruction was only one more evidence of the devilishness of the white man, at whose hands they had already suffered so much. The Matabele expressed their feelings, which were very strong indeed, by massacring two hundred men, women, and children—lonely, and for the most part, innocent, settlers who had come to Rhodesia to build a new life for themselves.

The British sent a military expedition against them, but the Matabele had an advantage in the lay of their rocky land, which gave them so many hiding places that they could hold out indefinitely. Rhodes had no official authority—he was not even Prime Minister—but a military expedition always seemed to him foolish (Heaven knows the Jameson Raid had been) when there was any other possible way to manage, and this problem, he believed, was one he could handle by himself. He refused military escort and went into the Matabele country unarmed, with two or three companions who

carried pistols for which, as it turned out, they had no need.

Through a wrinkled old black woman, mother of a former chief, Rhodes made contact with the Matabele warriors, and for months curbed his natural impatience to listen to the tale of their grievances. That they had grievances he acknowledged. The government had set over them police of an inferior caste. All right, Rhodes said, we'll get rid of the police. The Matabele said they were starving. Rhodes promised food. Rhodes promised peace. "Is there," he asked the chiefs, "to be peace or war?" and the chiefs answered, "Peace." Promises on both sides were kept and the peace that Rhodes made has not been broken to this day.

Rumours had got about, because of the Jameson Raid, that Rhodes was sulking in the Matoppos Hills, but, so strangely are the lives of men ordered that it was not long before those who had started the rumours were saying that this quieting of the savage Matabele was the greatest single achievement of Rhodes' life. He himself said that it was such things which made life worth living.

To an eleven-year-old boy who saw him in those days Rhodes seemed "strong and quiet." The boy was Kingsley Fairbridge, the son of a land surveyor in the employ of the Cape government. Not many years were to pass before he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, one of the few who ever saw the founder; and the time was to come when he, too, was to have a dream of homes and schools, not unlike Rhodes' own, and Kipling was to set the stamp of his approval upon that dream.

"If I might go back to that one day!" Kingsley Fairbridge cried in his young manhood. "If only I had had even then the little wit that I have now! I should have said 'Take me, take me, and let me serve you!'"

Face to face, Rhodes was apt to have that effect upon men. There was an overpowering energy and personal magnetism about him that made men want to help in

giving reality to his vision of Africa filled with happy, prosperous homes, with railroads and telegraph lines linking every part of the interior with every other part and all of it with the outside world. He believed that this territory, like undeveloped territory everywhere, should belong to the nation that would do most to develop it and, Englishman that he was, he believed that England was the country for South Africa. He wanted all of it in a union under the British flag, with equal rights for every civilised man within its limits and opportunity for acquiring civilisation guaranteed to all those who did not already have it.

"What is your dream?" he asked Kipling.

"You are part of it," Kipling answered.

The physical contrast between these two great imperialists as they stood together with their eyes fixed on the unknowable future was dramatic. Rhodes, big, blond, massive, slow-moving, slow-spoken and always at a loss to find words to say what he was thinking, looked as much like a Roman emperor as was possible to a man in tweeds and flannel instead of a toga. Kipling, small, dark, quick as a swallow on the wing, quick-spoken and sure of his words ("It never took him long to say what he had to say," is the comment of a friend), looked like no one but himself.

But this war now . . . this war that is threatening South Africa.

"There will be no war," Rhodes said. He had a plan to stop wars, not only in South Africa, but throughout the world.

"With big armies to see that peace is kept?"

Not at all. With education. The finest type of man Rhodes had ever known was the Oxford University graduate. All right. Multiply that type by the hundreds and scatter it throughout the world. Take young men from Canada, Australia, South Africa, or America—Rhodes had a high regard for America—or Germany—he added Germans after the Kaiser gave him permission to take his telegraph lines through German territory in

Africa. Send them to Oxford, give them vision, teach them to be administrators. Make them worthy of responsibility and capable of bearing it. Each one at Oxford will make friends with others like himself and after a while there will be a band of them girdling the world. Such men would not fight among themselves. They would work together. Was it not a good plan? Would it not be worth trying?

It was and it would. Kipling, master of words, helped put it on paper. Mrs. Kipling, who knew more than either her husband or Rhodes about the practical details of living, told Rhodes that his allowance for the individual scholars was not enough. Rhodes increased it.

Kipling might not be practical when it came to the price of bread and butter, but he knew too much about the way the world was managed to be entirely convinced that Rhodes was going to be able to change it. He was willing to give him every opportunity, but even while they were talking world peace in the future a war was going on, a hemisphere away, between the Americans and the Spaniards, and Kipling had his eye on it. That spring he and his wife and the children went back to Rottingdean, but the next winter, instead of returning to South Africa, they took passage for New York. The Spanish-American war had ended, and the United States had come out of it with colonial problems very like those of Great Britain. It would be interesting to see what she intended to do with them.



## POET OF EMPIRE

THE time had come when it was no longer possible to think of Kipling merely as an author. He was the unofficial Poet Laureate of the British Empire, a political force of the utmost importance.

As an author, strictly speaking, he had somewhat lost ground. There are few of his books he enjoyed writing more than *Stalky & Co.*—a cousin has written of how he laughed while he was at work on it—but when it appeared in 1899 he was assailed both for its subject-matter and the way it was written. The principal charge against it was its brutality. Kipling did not deny it, he only maintained that boys were brutes and that men who said they were not did not remember their childhood.

Graduates of public schools all over England rose to protest that their schools were not like *Westward Ho!*, which was true. The special circumstances that had attended the founding of *Westward Ho!* had made it different. Schoolmasters who admitted that King (Mr. Crofts) and the other masters were accurately

drawn regretted that Kipling had written about them because it increased the difficulties of other masters who were trying to win the respect of their pupils, and one critic declared flatly that *Stalky & Co.* was the worst novel that had ever been written. The last charge was unjust, for *Stalky & Co.* did not pretend to be a novel. Kipling always had a special affection for this book, partly, no doubt, because the critics were so ruthless with it, and partly because he had so loved the days at Westward Ho! and felt that he owed so much to them.

It was not *Stalky & Co.*, however, that turned the literary world away from him and made his name a synonym for bogey man in liberal households, so much as it was his political verse. Following the precedent he had established for himself with "cleared," he had continued to make sharp, powerful rhymed comments on whatever attracted his attention in the stream of history as it passed before him. No major political change, from Russia to South Africa, from India to Alaska, slipped by unnoticed. Thus, soon after the end of the Spanish-American War in December, 1898, he had his say on the colonial responsibilities the United States had assumed in the Philippine Islands in a poem called "The White Man's Burden."

He believed, and in those days many believed with him, that it was the mission of the white man to carry his civilisation into all other lands. "The white man's burden" became one of the most popular phrases of the day, and white men to whom it had never occurred before felt uplifted and noble as they thought of themselves as the torchbearers of a new day. Other white men (and, needless to say, most men of darker colour) opposed this philosophy with all possible vigour.

Shortly after the poem appeared, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, one of the leading young poet-critics in London, wrote a book, *Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism*, in which he took the author to task on various counts. He gave Mr. Kipling credit for having done more than anyone else to make England conscious of her Empire beyond

the seas ; but, so far as the white man's burden was concerned, it seemed to him that England was inclined to pick it up only when it was profitable. He deplored Mr. Kipling's " appeal to, and vindication of, the Englishman as a brute," and, as a political force, found little to say in his favour. On the other hand, Mr. Kipling as a writer (leaving out the brute part) was delightful and Mr. Le Gallienne found it " painful " to have to say " hard things " of the man who made " Mandalay " and gave us the *Jungle Books*.

Mr. Le Gallienne was not the only one saying " hard things." Even so devoted a friend as Mary Kingsley, who was almost letter-perfect on the early Kipling poems, flared up on the white man's burden. By this time she had had her visits among the West African cannibals. She had whacked a crocodile on the head with a canoe paddle—" fetched him a clip on the snout " was the way she expressed it—to make him get out of her way ; one night she had thrown a stool at what she thought was a dog-fight, only to discover that a leopard was mixed up in it, and she had been obliged to throw a water-cooler to dispose of the leopard ; she had nursed lonely men through tropical fevers ; and she had come near being shot to death by a native who mistook her for a gorilla. Even so she felt that it could never be anything but a pleasure to live among her cannibals. If she could help it neither they nor any other subject race would ever be a burden to the Empire ; nor, and this was equally important, would the Empire ever be a burden to them.

Miss Kingsley had no objection, rather the contrary, to the cannibal lands forming part of the British Empire, but in England and in the United States as well there were thoughtful men and women who objected even to her position. These would have abolished all government that divided mankind into dominant and subject races. Such a relationship, as they saw it, was ignoble, and could only end by brutalising anyone who had a part in it.



Kipling's rhymed editorials (for this is essentially what the poems were) were greeted with wrath or joy, according to whether one felt his position true or false, but there was no ivory tower tight enough to shut them out. They were instantly cabled to newspapers on the Continent and in the United States, thus appearing simultaneously in all countries that were interested, and no one could ignore them.

It was because of his political influence, as well as for the great love that people had for his earlier work, that when he fell desperately ill with pneumonia in the Grenoble Hotel in New York in that bitter-cold February of 1899 the whole world hung on news from his sick-room. Reporters and photographers crowded around the hotel entrance to snatch whatever crumbs of information they could get or to snap pictures of the children or Mrs. Kipling, and the throng was swelled by admirers who wanted to be where they could have news of him as soon as there was any to have. Newspapers carried the story of his progress in front-page headlines.

The doctors issued bulletins, but otherwise little was known to the public of what was happening in the Kipling family. At the beginning of her father's illness there had been a line to the effect that Josephine also had pneumonia, but this was soon followed by a statement that she had practically recovered. The truth was that Josephine was very ill indeed and that Elsie also had pneumonia. Dr. Conland from Brattleboro was summoned to look after them.

Friends were doing all they could to help Mrs. Kipling through this anxious time, and one of them, Effendi (Mr. F. N. Doubleday), slept on a couch outside Kipling's door so as to be ready to be of service night or day. It was he who finally told the reporters on March 3 that the two little girls had pneumonia. John and his mother were the only ones that escaped. Three days later the papers announced that Josephine was dead.

This was the first great sorrow of the Kiplings' married life, and Mrs. Kipling had to brace herself to meet it

alone. It was not yet certain that her husband would live; the death of his child had to be kept from him until he was strong enough. Another week passed before he was out of danger.

Kipling was a long time in getting well, and the doctors warned him against ever trying to spend another winter in England. His lungs would not stand it. In other ways he never recovered from the effects of these weeks in New York. Some of those who had been close to him (the child Angela among them) felt that he was never again the same. He was more reserved, more withdrawn from intimacies.

One of the first tasks was to take care of the letters and cables and telegrams that had come. There were so many it was not possible to answer them all. Kipling sent a note to the papers warmly expressing his thanks. The communication that attracted most attention was a cable to Mrs. Kipling from the Kaiser of Germany expressing his admiration for her husband and hoping for his recovery. It was pointed out in the press that no message had come from the British royal family. Mr. Kipling's writings, since the beginning, had by no means been uniformly pleasing either to the Queen or to the government.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling came over from England, and when Rudyard was well enough the Kiplings all went home together. Effendi and his wife went with them and Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was on board the ship. Mr. Bok and Effendi were old friends.

Not one of these men was ever content to be idle. To while away the tedium of the voyage they established among themselves a daily paper, with Mr. Bok as editor. "Father Kipling," as all of them called Mr. Lockwood Kipling, as art editor, Rudyard as star reporter, and Effendi as publisher. The burning question was of the Boers and the English in South Africa, and Rudyard and Mr. Bok generated no small amount of heat in their discussion of it, for Mr. Bok was a Dutchman (naturalised

in the United States) and as strong for the Boers as Kipling was for the other side. This did not interfere with their friendship, which before the year was out was to be tested by the actuality of the war which as yet they could talk of as a possibility. The friendship stood even that test.

Kipling spent the rest of the summer (part of it on Andrew Carnegie's estate in Scotland) finishing a book with which he was again, in that unpredictable way of his, to confound his critics and make those who hated his imperialism wish fervently that he would drop it and stick to the kind of writing everybody could enjoy.

The book was *Kim*. The idea of writing about Kim had first occurred to Kipling in Bliss Cottage in Vermont, but had been put aside in favour of Mowgli. It was in Rottingdean, some time before his illness in New York, that the Irish boy had come back to him. Kipling knew vaguely how he wanted to tell the story, but it was not until after he had gone up to Wiltshire to discuss it with his father that the outlines became perfectly clear in his mind. While they smoked and talked together the book took shape, with a marvellous panorama of India as its background, beginning at the Wonder House at Lahore with Mr. Lockwood Kipling inside, and continuing along the Grand Trunk Road which traverses the country from Peshawar far up in the north to Calcutta far down in the south, taking in the native bazaars and the railways and the Himalayas as Rudyard so distinctly remembered them.

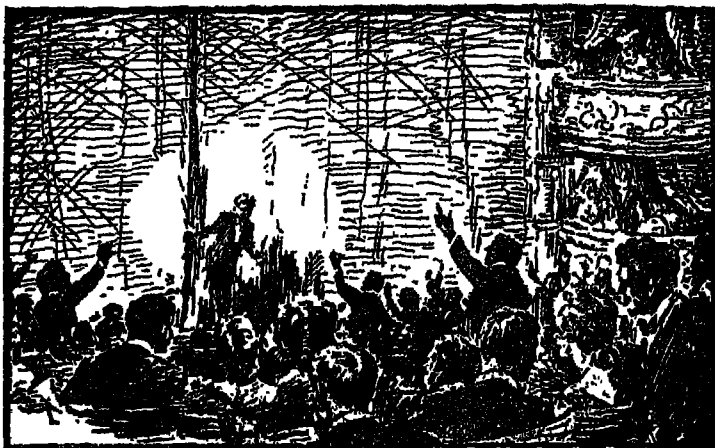
In *Kim* there is no blatant flag-waving, no brazen patriotism; the book is compounded of adventure and beauty, and the best character in it, in terms of goodness, is not (as one might have expected) an Englishman, but a Tibetan priest, the lama.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling made illustrations for *Kim* by modelling them in low relief and having them photographed. While he was at work on them Rudyard, coming upon him unexpectedly, found him quoting two lines from Robert Browning :

If you get simple beauty and naught else,  
You get about the best thing God invents.

In *Kim* Kipling came very near to getting just that. Competent critics have ranked it as his masterpiece, and when there are discussions of the dozen greatest novels that have been written *Kim* is generally mentioned though it is not always included on the final list. It is a book that people have read not once but many times (Mark Twain read it once a year). Lost in its beautiful pages, one forgot the parts of Kipling he disliked and thought only of India, and the author's bitterest enemies had to admit, however grudgingly, that *Kim* was remarkable. Hopes rose in all quarters that Kipling at last was about to enter upon his real career as a novelist, but the hopes were not to be realised. When *Kim* appeared Kipling was in the midst of a sickening confusion of imperialism and humiliation, not for himself—his own prestige was never higher—but for his country. He was in the midst of the war in South Africa.





## "THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR"

ALMOST as soon as the war was declared in that October of 1899 Kipling was pressed into service. Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe), publisher of the *Daily Mail*, asked him, partly as a circulation stunt, to make an appeal for funds for non-regulation comforts for soldiers on their way to the front. Inevitably, Kipling's appeal took the form of verse; it was called "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and was published in the *Daily Mail* on October 31.

The verses, which were affectionately written, using "beggar" in the sense of "fellow" rather than "mendicant," admitted that Tommy, whether duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl, a groom, or a gardener, had absent-mindedly done things he shouldn't and left undone things he should, but now he was off to do his country's work and it was up to those at home to take care of all he had left behind.

Sir Arthur Sullivan—who wrote the music for *Onward, Christian Soldiers*—set the words to music

and on the night of November 13 conducted the song before a packed audience in the Alhambra Theatre in London. The audience went wild, everybody joined in the chorus, and within a few days no other tune was heard in England.

Kipling received no pay for "The Absent-Minded Beggar." It might be said here that he would never accept money for any of the poems that he wrote especially for the Empire or in tribute to his friends. Anybody could do anything he pleased with the "Beggar," so long as the proceeds were turned into the fund for the soldiers.

Thousands of copies were rushed through the press. The song was printed on cheap paper and on expensive paper, on linen, silk, and satin, and on china plates and tobacco jars. Prices ranged from a few pennies up to a guinea or more. The reigning beauty Mrs. Langtry, contributed £100 for the privilege of singing the song from the stage. Soldiers sang it and cheered it, and money poured in until the fund had nearly £250,000. This enormous figure must give "The Absent-Minded Beggar" some kind of record as a collection agency.

After a while everybody began to get tired of it (Kipling himself said that he would have killed the man that wrote it if it had not meant committing suicide) and there was no lack of people to say that, considered as poetry, it did not amount to much. Kipling had not meant it as poetry, and would not, for years, allow it to be included in the big volume of his collected verse. It was straight pass-the-hat propaganda, and, as such, one of the most effective single pieces ever written.

It has been pointed out that in "The Absent-Minded Beggar" he did not resort to the usual war tactic of trying to make the British hate the Boer. For a number of these sturdy Dutch farmers Kipling had the highest respect (as Rhodes did) and in none of his South African verse was he ever able to bring against them the cruel, deadly loathing that he was later to show against the

Germans. The tone of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was rather happy-go-lucky, as befitted the time in which it was written when England was thinking of the war as something of a lark. Kipling was one of the few who knew it was not that, but even he did not recognise the gravity of the situation that confronted the Empire.

The British began by thinking a handful of Tommies could clean up the Boers in less time than it would take to get a troopship from Southampton to Cape Town, and their awakening came rudely. Before the end of the first month the Boers had Tommies and citizens alike bottled up in the towns of Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking; and when by the middle of December all efforts to unbottle them had failed, the home government saw that it was going to take more Tommies and better generals than any they had on the ground. The war was not going to be won by singing "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

The Boers were close to their base of supplies, they knew the issues involved (as many of the British did not), they had a stronger sense of wrong and they were familiar with the country. They abandoned all rules of "civilised" warfare, circled about the British foot soldiers on swift-moving ponies, and, instead of forming in columns to meet the foe on the open plain, hid in dugouts and behind *kopjes* (little hills) and took pot shots at them. A new kind of fighting technique had come into being, but it took months of appalling loss to make the British realise it.

The Boers had special reasons for wishing to take Kimberley and Ladysmith, for Rhodes was in one and Jameson in the other. The towns had not wanted either of them, but could not help themselves. Rhodes had come up from Cape Town, which was out of the theatre of conflict, on the last train that went into Kimberley before the siege closed down. Incidentally, the British commander at Mafeking was Baden-Powell, who afterwards founded the Boy Scouts.

Once England saw that the hour of need was upon

her she turned instinctively to Lord Roberts, Bobs, the old hero of Kabul and Kandahar. Kitchener, who had had considerable and not ungallant experience in Egypt, went with him as chief of staff.

Lord Roberts set out in the midst of irretrievable personal sorrow—his only son, young Lieutenant Roberts, was killed in action at the Battle of Colenso the day before his father was appointed to the chief command—but news that Bobs was on the way, whatever the circumstances, went through the soldiers like an electric charge. Bobs would not fail them. He had never failed anybody.

But even for Bobs, with Kitchener at his side, the task was not easy. Kimberley and Ladysmith were relieved in February, but Mafeking was still far to the north. Boers were ready to contest every inch of the advance, and the farther into the interior the British penetrated, the more danger they were in of having their vital communication lines cut off.

To make sure of these lines and to clear the countryside of the enemy, Lord Roberts decided to encamp in Bloemfontein when he captured that city on March 14. To bolster the morale of the army during this period of comparative inactivity he asked Perceval Landon of the *London Times* and H. A. Gwynne, chief correspondent of Reuters, to establish a daily paper. Two days after the troops entered Bloemfontein the first issue of the paper, *The Friend*, was published.

There was no lack of journalistic talent from which to draw the staff. South Africa was crawling with war correspondents. An American who telegraphed one of the British generals for permission to come to Sterkstroom received the answer: "All right, come ahead; but the press staff here is already larger than the army." Winston Churchill was at the front, and Edgar Wallace of mystery-story fame and Richard Harding Davis, the American war correspondent, and a host of lesser fry, many of whom had been inspired by *The Light That Failed*, most of whom were hoping to out-Kipling Kipling.



American newspapers had asked Kipling to name his price for anything he would write, but he had refused all offers. He had brought his wife and children to Cape Town, but he was not there to find newspaper stories. He was busy at the hospitals, advising correspondents and generally making himself useful, especially in connection with getting tobacco and other "Absent-Minded Beggar" luxuries into the hands of the soldiers. Of all men on earth he was the one *The Friend* wanted most, and the staff telegraphed him. Kipling, in response, telegraphed a poem, "St. Patrick's Day," which was published in the second issue on March 17. A few days later he arrived in Bloemfontein and placed himself completely at their disposal. In their wildest moments of optimism the staff had not hoped for so much as this.

For Kipling it was like the old Indian days on the *Civil & Military Gazette*. *The Friend* was printed on the press of a Boer newspaper (owned by Englishmen) which was commandeered for the purpose, and the type was set by Boers who understood as little English as the Hindu compositors had in Lahore. Kipling, among his other duties, read proof, just as he had on the *Gazette*, and found the typographical errors quite as numerous as they had been in India. The managing editor was an American correspondent, Julian Ralph, who was even more congenial than Mr. E. K. Robinson had been.

Mr. Ralph, like Mr. Robinson, was impressed by Kipling's quickness—"quick in movement as a panther, quicker still in speech"—and he was astonished at the fertility of his invention, the fluency of his pen. He had heard that Kipling wrote too much; after he had seen him in action he wondered that he was able to keep from writing more.

No job on *The Friend* was too small for Kipling—he occasionally even set type when the compositors were too slow, but one with which he took special pains was editing the soldiers' contributions. So many of them sent in verses that Mr. Ralph concluded that the entire British army was "an organised host of poets."

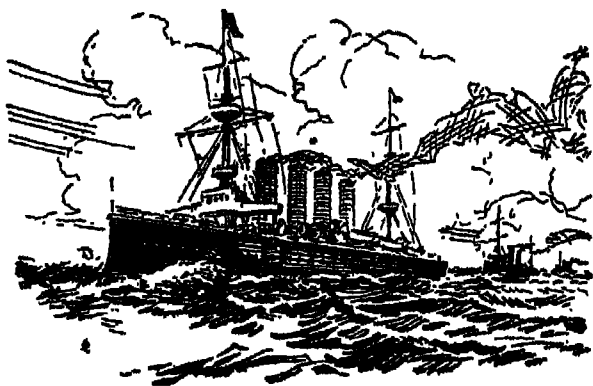
Most of them were trying to write like Kipling and some of them succeeded pretty well at it. Kipling saw to it that the verses were printed as the soldiers wanted them. Once when an editor smoothed a Tommy's "poem" out into refined English, Kipling spent an hour getting it back into the language of the barrack rooms. The more ambitious rhymsters had hopes of published volumes of their own, but the novelty of "Tommy" poetry had gone by ; it was a glut on the market from London to the Cape, and people were beginning to be tired of it.

Everybody in Bloemfontein was in danger of fever—with six thousand cases of typhoid raging among them—and Kipling was busy with the sick as well as with the paper. When Mr. Ralph's son came down with veldt fever (they thought it was typhoid) he nursed him tenderly until he was past the crisis ; and he was continually in the hospital wards distributing "The Absent-Minded Beggar" comforts. The patients knew who he was only when they happened to recognise him from his pictures or when someone like Mr. Ralph or Mr. Landon followed quietly behind and told them his name. "God bless him," they said then. "He's the soldiers' friend."

Once—it was his own fault—Kipling was under fire. He and the rest of the editorial staff drove out to see the Battle of Kari Siding. Bullets whistled around them, but luckily, without killing any of them. The bullets might have whistled more viciously if the Boers had known Kipling was within range, for his position among the British had made him a prize of war of no less value than his friends, Rhodes and Jameson. One day in the composing room of *The Friend* he picked off the floor a Boer denunciation of himself. On another he found an item (also Boer in origin) describing how, on one occasion, the British artillery had been obliged to fire on Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards to force them into action. It was at times like the latter that those who knew him discovered that the eyes they had thought so merry and kind could be as cold and relentless as steel. When he was relaxed he seemed entirely thoughtful and meditative,

but when he was roused he could be terrible as an army.

*The Friend* was a howling success on the spot, with everybody from Lord Roberts down asking for his copy as soon as it was ready ; and because of Kipling's connection with it, it soon became an important collector's item. The paper lasted about a month ; it was discontinued when the columns moved north. Kipling had already gone back to Cape Town, but note in passing that while he was at Bloemfontein—Bloeming-typhoid-tein, the soldiers called it—he made three friends who were his as long as they lived—Julian Ralph, Perceval Landon, and H. A. Gwynne.





### "THE LESSON"

HE HAD gone back to Cape Town to pick up his family and sail for England to protest against the incredible tangle of red tape which made it impossible to put the supplies that were in South Africa within reach of those who needed them, against the unutterably horrible lack of sanitation for the troops, and against the muddling ignorance with which British politicians were trying to manage the war.

The British were losing five or six times as many men from typhoid and other fevers and dysentery as they were losing in battle, and it was no one's fault but their own. Armed with obsolete weapons, the Empire's soldiers, in big clumsy units, difficult to move around, were pitted against a small, mobile up-to-date army, equipped with the best modern guns Europe had been able to provide. All that could be said in England's favour was that the Tommies were brave.

This wounded Kipling. To him, as to his father, it was essential that even the smallest job, if it was to be

done at all, should be done well ; and here was the Empire shamefully mishandling the biggest job it had ever undertaken. He blamed the politicians—politicians became a kind of personal devil to him—and the people who had voted for them.

It was about this time that he saw Mary Kingsley for the last time. Soon after the war began she had preposterously announced that she was going to the Orange River to collect fishes for the British Museum. She had no intention of doing so, but she had to have some reason for getting to South Africa. As soon as she reached Cape Town she presented herself to the authorities and said she was ready to help in any way she could.

"Will you go to Simonstown to the Boer prisoners?" they asked, thinking to get rid of her.

"If that is what you want done, yes," she answered.

She flung herself into it with all the passionate ardour of her brave heart, pausing once in a while to have tea with the Kiplings. At the hospital, where she was known simply as "Mary," everybody, "from admirals to orderlies," adored her, and when, two months after her arrival, she died of fever (another of those unforgivable deaths) they took her to sea in a little torpedo boat, as she had asked them to, and committed her to the waves off Simonstown.

A few months after Kipling left for England Mafeking was relieved, and nearly everybody thought the war was over ; instead, it dragged on for two more weary years. Every winter while it lasted, and for many years afterwards, Kipling and his family went back to the Cape, where summer comes when it is winter in England. They had a house of their own, the Woolsack, which was to be Kipling's as long as he lived, a lovely Dutch cottage on the fifteen-thousand-acre estate of Cecil Rhodes.

Some years earlier, while Rhodes was still Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, he had built for himself on the side of Table Mountain a home which he wished to be worthy not only of the Prime Minister of the Cape, but of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

That union was not accomplished while Rhodes lived, but the house, Groote Schuur, is to-day, by his desire, the home of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

Instead of following the popular gingerbread fashion of Victorian architecture, Rhodes in building it had given his architect instructions to go back to the clean, beautiful lines of the early Dutch buildings on the Cape. The house was furnished with fine examples of old Dutch craftsmanship and new pieces constructed of native woods by Dutch workmen who followed the old pattern.

Groote Schuur was a showplace, built for a special purpose, and Rhodes never loved it or anything else that had walls as much as he loved the out of doors. During his last years, when his heart forced him to be less active, he spent a great deal of his time lying on a couch on the verandah of Groote Schuur with his blue, brooding eyes fixed on the slopes of Table Mountain. Table Mountain was his "church," and seemed to him that anyone who came under its spell could not fail to be inspired by it. This was why he had built the Woolsack—it was to give artists and poets a place to work and dream.

The Woolsack by itself was entrancing, with its old oak trees and flower gardens, but it had, in addition, the great advantage of being only a short walk from Groote Schuur, across a ravine planted with blue hydrangeas. Groote Schuur was the gathering place for nearly everyone of interest who came to South Africa, and Kipling gathered with them to talk with Rhodes about the donkeys he had got from Egypt or the goats he had brought from Turkey or the experts in fruit growing he had invited from the United States to make South Africa a rival of California. Kipling invested in the fruit-growing project.

The Woolsack did not entirely fulfil its purpose so far as Kipling was concerned, for his mind was too much occupied with other matters to leave much time for dreaming. He and Rhodes and Jameson were thinking in terms of continents rather than words and were intent upon the end of the war, the beginning of the Union of

South Africa, and the ultimate federation of the British Empire with a central Parliament in London.

The Kipling children, Elsie and Jack, who were, respectively, about four and three years old, had other interests. Every morning they were roared awake by the lions in the Rhodes zoo, where, in cages and paddocks, there were other animals for their delight, such as zebra, eland, wildebeest, and the native antelope, known as *kudus*, as well as wild dogs imported from Australia and llamas from South America.

One winter while the war was in progress and the Woolsack a haven for soldiers and friends coming home from the front, the Kiplings had a lion of their own. It was born in the Rhodes zoo, an event which had so much displeased its mother that she had tried to kill it. The keepers rescued it and did their best to persuade a dog to act as foster-mother. Neither the dog nor the lion cared for the idea, and the lion seemed doomed to perish when Mrs. Kipling, a woman of infinite resource and sagacity, took charge.

She sent the dog away, and began to feed the lion—it weighed only four pounds and eight ounces—with milk and water out of a baby's bottle. Elsie and John were not allowed to go into the cage with it for fear they would pet it to death, and it was not long before Sullivan, under Mrs. Kipling's skilful hands, began to flourish mightily. They had wanted to give the little creature the Matabele name for lion, since, though born in captivity, it was the genuine Matabele article, but that name, "*umslibaan*," was so difficult to pronounce that they made it into "Sullivan."

Sullivan survived the ailments of childhood, including an attack of rickets, and after a while was given the freedom of the Woolsack. He used to chase butterflies through the flower beds, then lie so still and so thoroughly blended with his background that people would almost step on him before they saw him. Sometimes he came into the room where Kipling was at work, and when he wanted Sullivan to go somewhere else he had to call

Elsie to make him do it. Sullivan had no respect for literary fame.

The Kiplings were back in Rottingdean when the war came to an end on May 31, 1902. The only Boer sympathiser in the village was a small, fearless, determined old lady, now a widow, living alone at the North End House—none other than the Beloved Aunt. On the day the peace was signed she flung out of her window a banner upon which she had stitched: "We have killed and also taken possession." An angry crowd gathered—not even from Lady Burne-Jones were they in a mood to take this—and Kipling had to come over from the Elms to pacify them and send them away.

Kipling was as convinced as the Beloved Aunt that a crime had been committed. Where they differed was in the nature of the crime. Kipling felt that it lay in the Empire's neglect of its defences, in the unspeakable and unnecessary sacrifice of its brave young men, in the craven way it had fawned upon the younger dominions for help; and in every blistering way his pen could devise he tried to drive home to his country that the Boer War had taught the Empire a lesson. The Empire, if it was to survive, must take the lesson to heart. When the next time came the Empire must be ready.

But while Kipling was trying to drive this lesson home to his country, his country was trying to drive another home to him, which is, that when a war is over people want to forget it. Soldiers and their silly heroisms are past; chuck them out, the brutes. Peace has come, and with it intolerable burdens of debt and disillusionment and sorrow. Flesh and blood have had all they can stand, and when men like Kipling and Lord Roberts, without pausing for breath, say, "That was only a little war, the big one is on the way and we must get ready for it," people have no emotion left to spend on them.

Lord Roberts asked for conscription to give every man in England a year of military training, and Kipling backed him up in a poem, "The Islanders," which brought yelps of pain from all over England. Lord Roberts



was a soldier—one expected a soldier to think of preparedness. Kipling was—well, Kipling was an extremist, a warmonger, and it was time for everybody to walk the middle way. Kipling, like the cat in the *Just-So Stories*, walked by himself.

Only a small part of the poetry inspired by his South African experience was the harsh expression of the “extremist.” Some of it was among the best he ever wrote—his tribute to the Boer leader, General Joubert, and his tribute to Rhodes, which was read at the latter’s funeral in the Matoppos Hills. Some of the war poems, “Boots,” especially became almost as well known as some of the early ballads, but the music-hall note was gone. Empire, as he had seen it in South Africa, was not the brave, gay, shining thing he had first thought it to be. There was something shoddy about it.





## HOME

DURING all the restless years that had passed since they left the Naulakha, the Kiplings, in the months they were in Rottingdean, had searched the remoter parts of Sussex for a home of their own to take the place of their "temporary" quarters at the Elms. At first they went on these expeditions by train and carriage, and then (Oh ! the miracle of it) by automobile.

Alfred Harmsworth, one of the first automobile and aeroplane enthusiasts in England, had astonished Rottingdean one summer day by puffing up to the door of the Elms in a monstrous, noisy creation and taking the Kiplings for a twenty-minute ride. This was not the first ride Kipling had in an automobile, but it was the one that convinced him (or began to convince him) that he too must have one of these chariots of fire.

Those early automobiles were as undependable as they looked. Around 1900 the most expensive ones, the ones that represented all that science had been able to accomplish in the way of a motor vehicle, should have

been in the laboratory instead of on the dusty, rutted highways which were all they had, outside of race-tracks, to move about on. Eight or ten miles an hour was considered excellent—one of the Kiplings' early triumphs was sixty miles in ten hours—and if by extraordinary chance you reached twenty miles an hour you were arrested for speeding.

No one could ever be sure when the engine would start, and when the gears were shifted the car was as likely to go backwards as forwards. Once underway, it smoked and stank and rattled and roared. Its tank went dry, its axles burned out, and it dribbled its parts on the road. Stopping it, except when something went wrong, was as difficult as starting it, and when it was finally brought to a halt the passengers walked back to pick up the missing parts and everybody crawled sociably underneath the chassis to see if they could find a place to put them.

Most people were afraid to ride in the terrifying vehicles, but the Kiplings and the Beloved Aunt were not among them. Lady Burne-Jones took her place inside, along with her nephew and his wife, and everything on the highway fled before them. Men, women, and children, ducks, chickens, and horses got out of the way, and when the valiant motorists returned home, shaken and dusty and happy, they had the pleasure of reading letters to *The Times* declaring them a menace to all right-minded citizens and looking forward thankfully to the time when the automobile fad would be over.

It was in their own car, a hiccupping Locomobile, purchased after a few drives in a single-cylinder Embryo hired from Brighton, that the Kiplings came upon an old manor house, known as Bateman's, lying in a pleasant Sussex valley near the village of Burwash, about fifteen miles from the better-known village of Rye. As soon as they saw it they knew they had reached the end of their search, but when they learned that it was rented for a year, they steamed off to look for another. Nothing they saw after that made any difference. Bateman's

was the house. When the year was ended they came back and bought it.

They got it as a bargain because it was so far from anything else and the road leading away from it was so bad. There was a hill between the house and the railway station that wore out all the horses that had to travel it. When the astute gentleman who sold them the place had the deed transfer in hand he asked Kipling how he meant to manage about the hill, and Kipling pointed to the Locomobile. "Those things" haven't come to stay, the man informed him, and lived to admit that he would have asked twice as much for Bateman's if he had not guessed wrong about the transportation problem.

Bateman's was a big rambling house with about twenty rooms. The "new" part was about three hundred years old; the rest was older than that, and there were no modern conveniences. The Kiplings, partly for themselves and partly for the servants, fondly set to work to supply these without destroying the antique charm of the place. In South Africa, at Groote Schuur and the Woolsack (if nowhere else), they had learned what they seem not to have known when they built the Naulakha in Vermont—that it is most desirable for a house to be in keeping with the spirit and traditions of the land that surrounds it.

For electricity they planned to harness the brook that lay at the end of the garden. The brook was accustomed to harness. In that survey of the land and wealth of England ordered in 1086 by William the Conqueror, and since known as the Domesday Book, the mill on the brook at Bateman's is mentioned. The mill was still there, and Kipling recognised as well as anyone that it was no light thing to tear down an old waterwheel and replace it with a turbine.

But look at it this way. The brook had been there thousands and thousands of years. There had been a time when the wheel—any sort of wheel—was a modern invention. No doubt the conservatives of the Stone

Age or whatever age it was that conceived it had cried out that it was softening the fibre of the young men by making their work too easy for them. There had been a time when this waterwheel had been the last word in the machinery of a modern age; and whatever greenery-yallery neighbours Bateman's had in those days must have declared that the beauty of the rippling waters was being destroyed in the march of progress.

So many centuries had gone by that the mill was now a mouldy and picturesque survival out of an almost fabulous past; and machinery had been invented which could draw power enough from the waters to furnish lights for the house and its out-buildings, saw wood, and do other work, as well as grind flour in the old-fashioned way. Kipling welcomed the new machinery just as he had welcomed the automobile.

In carrying out his plan for installing it he was lucky. At a week-end party at which he and his wife met Sir William Willocks, who had designed the mile-and-a-quarter irrigation dam across the Nile at Assuan in Egypt, the Kiplings mentioned that they too were about to build a dam. Theirs was to be microscopic in comparison with the marvel at Assuan which, in 1902, ranked with the wonders of the world, but Sir William was not willing to see even the tiniest dam run the risk of being botched by amateurs. He came in person to look after the one at Bateman's. As gravely as if he had been planning for millions of horse-power to serve whole cities he considered the problem of getting four and one-half horse-power to serve one small estate, and he kept the owners from disfiguring the landscape with the power cable. "Bury it," he said, and they did.

Kipling wrote a story about this episode, "Below the Mill Dam," in *Traffics and Discoveries*, in which he explains that the spirit of the mill is the same whether it lives in a waterwheel or a turbine.

In setting themselves up as farmers the Kiplings were as fortunate as they had been with the dam, for their adviser in chief was Sir Rider Haggard, world authority

on farm problems. Most people who remember Rider Haggard at all remember him as the author of romantic novels like *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*, but on the more serious side he was a practical student of farm problems and land-resettlement projects, author of *Rural England* and *The Poor and the Land* and other books which were studied all over the world by those who were interested in such matters.

He had travelled widely and he had a great fund of anecdotes about his adventures. No man, Kipling said, surpassed him as a teller of tales, and the Kipling children—John and Elsie—followed him about begging for stories. When he and Kipling discovered that they could work together in the same room without disturbing each other, they visited back and forth from one house to the other carrying their manuscripts, but there were times at Bateman's when Sir Rider used all his gifts of speech in dressing down his host as on the occasion when he discovered that a combination of Kipling and an Irish tenant had brought goats and young apple trees together in the same orchard.

Farming at Bateman's, after some years of trial and errors, more or less settled down to the raising of big red Sussex cattle, but there were stables and chickens and dogs and flower and vegetable gardens and pools and countless other enterprises to keep the owners busy in a hundred exciting ways. The chickens were once the subject of an amusing experiment. An eminent London surgeon having lunch at Bateman's remarked that he had heard if you hold a chicken against your ear you can hear the pebbles in its gizzard click as it digests its food. After that nothing would do but catch a chicken and find out. Catching chickens in an open shed in the middle of the day is not easy, but the men chased down two of them. The remark was true. The chickens clicked.

In his big quiet study at Bateman's, with its ten-foot working table, Kipling had ideal conditions for writing: his favourite materials close at hand—good black India ink and big blue-white writing tablets. In time he owned

a typewriter and sometimes pecked out letters on it, but he never mastered it.

Everywhere that Kipling lived gave him something to write about, and Bateman's was no exception. He took possession in 1902, shortly after the close of the war in South Africa. He had seldom been in a more disturbed frame of mind, for the war had battered all his convictions of empire. The time had come when he had to sort them out to see which, if any, were worth keeping. In the midst of the sorting he became deeply aware of the past of Bateman's, which was the past of England, but the awareness came slowly.

Some time after the dam was built the Kiplings were faced with the need of getting water for some cottages farther off on the estate. A man appeared, as such men will in country districts the world over, who claimed to know the uses of the divining rod. He cut a Y-shaped hazel branch (willow or apple will do) and thus by dowsing, or more technically, by rhabdomancy, located a spot where the Y bent towards the earth. "Dig here," he said.

The water they found (a geologist would probably have done as well, but a divining rod is more fun) was as much as they wanted and more, but the water was not so important as some of the debris they brought up as they dug for it. Within twenty-five feet, which is as far as they went, they found a tobacco pipe of the seventeenth century, a metal spoon of the Cromwell period, and a bronze scrap of a horsebit which the Romans had used in the days of their occupation of Britain. In dredging a pond the workmen found two Elizabethan quart bottles and an axehead which had been fashioned and polished in the Neolithic Age.

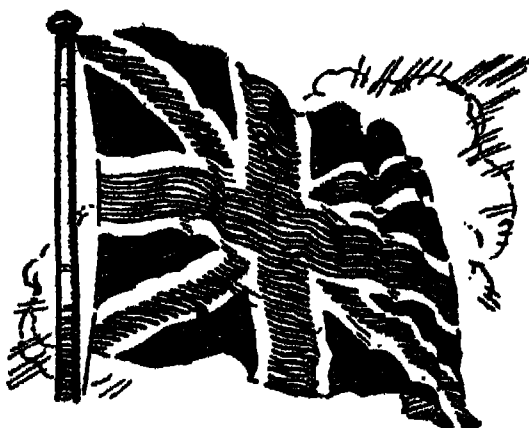
Traces of an old road, called the Gunway, led across the Kiplings' property to the overgrown slag heap of an old forge, which was believed to have been worked by Phœnician traders, then by Romans, then by the English themselves until the middle of the eighteenth century. No one knew the full history of the house, but it was said

to have belonged to an ironmaster who had used the forge in building guns for the English fight against the Spanish Armada—hence, the Gunway.

Men of the Stone Age had lived on this land, and Druids had stood on it to offer their grisly human sacrifices. Raiders from the north-east and from the north of Europe had conquered it. Roman soldiers had taken it, and after them other raiders, and then the Norman barons. Smugglers and highwaymen had galloped over it and called it their own, but out of all this confusion and fighting had risen something called England—

This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle. . . .  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea. . . .  
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England....

And Rudyard Kipling, perceiving it, knew—really knew, for the first time in his life—that he had come home.







## " IF—— "

UP to this time Kipling had thought of England as the proud centre of the British Empire. Now he went back more than nineteen hundred years to the time when it was no more than an outlying province in the far-flung empire of the Caesars. The Romans came to Britain in 55 B.C. Legend had it that the name of the village of Burwash dated from their arrival in Sussex. Bur, according to this story, was the name of a dog belonging, some say, to Julius Caesar himself. When the dog became so mired in Sussex mud that he could go no farther the soldiers stopped to wash him, and the place at which they stopped was thereafter known as Burwash. Quite likely there is not a word of truth in this, for the word Burwash means "a ridge of cleared land," and there is an old rhyme which indicates that it was pronounced Burrash or Berrish.

Whether or not the Romans gave Burwash its name, they claimed it as part of their empire; and as Kipling studied the four hundred years of the Roman occupation

of Britain he saw that Rome in governing her obstreperous colony had faced exactly the same problems that the British Empire was now confronting in some of her colonial possessions.

The Romans had found an inferior civilisation in Britain. They could have brought enough soldiers to destroy it, but the strength of the Roman Empire in this colony, and in others where they were successful, lay in the fact that they did not do this. They gave the Britons a chance to develop their own civilisation in their own way.

There were restrictions. Military service was required of the Britons when Rome needed it; Roman officers trained them in the arts of war and formed them into cohorts not unlike the Sepoy regiments the British have today in India. The Romans built a fortified wall from Solway Firth across the island to shut out the barbarians from the north. They built roads and taught the Britons how to erect comfortable houses; they established postal and lighthouse services and encouraged education and medicine. They built bridges, drained swamps, and established factories. So far as religion was concerned, they interfered only with Druidism, and with that only because of the human sacrifices it demanded. Otherwise, Britons could worship whatever god or gods they chose—Mithras, Isis, Jupiter, Diana, or Christ. Kipling in India had seen Great Britain following the same policy. Indians were not allowed to burn widows on funeral pyres or to destroy children, not even girl children, but in other ways they were left to serve their gods as they please.

Rome disciplined the British, and Kipling felt that the reason Ireland was such a spoiled child of the Empire was that Rome had never conquered it and taught it how to behave. At any rate, the province of Britain grew rich in the days of the Roman occupation. Wealthy Britain began to import luxuries from Italy and the city of Londinium (London) rose to such rank that it was honoured by the name of Augustus, after the Emperor Augustus.

The name did not stick. That was one of the curious

things about this country that was to be England. It had something that lay beyond the reach of the invaders, and whoever conquered it was, in time, conquered by it. When the Roman legions were called home to protect Rome itself against the barbarians, Britain was left to be the prey of the Picts from the north, the Irish from the west, and the Jutes and Angles and Saxons from other quarters, but whoever came, and however long they stayed—whether four years or four hundred years—they left behind something that was not themselves but England.

Ambrose Poynter, visiting Bateman's, suggested to his cousin a story about a Roman centurion in Britain during the occupation ; and Kipling, seeking for a starting point, asked his name.

" Parnesius," answered Mr. Poynter.

Kipling liked the name, but the story would not come. He tried writing a tale about a Baltic pirate in a ship off the coast not far from Bateman's who had watched the Roman fleet going home at the end of the occupation, but that story did not come out right either. Bateman's past had more than Romans in it, and Kipling was overwhelmed by it.

He went to Wiltshire to talk with his mother and father, and while he and his father played cribbage (Kipling's pegs were a beautiful little lama and Kim that his father had carved) his plans came into better focus. He wanted to take some of the most significant events in England's past (not merely the Roman ones) and recreate them in stories for children which, at the same time, would have in them such sound ideas on imperialism that adults would read them. The stories must be truly historical and accurate, but they must be lively and entertaining.

That meant, first of all, as his father reminded him, that he would have to be more careful than usual in looking up his references. This harked back to Rudyard's early days on the *Gazette*, when accuracy had not been one of its chief virtues, but since that time he had learned

his lesson. There are few boners to be found in Kipling's pages.

Then his father advised him to let the stories simmer for a while. Like most authors and many inventors, Kipling had already discovered the good sense in this advice. When a thing seems too difficult, it is often better, instead of fretting over it, to think of something else. In many cases a difficulty left alone will solve itself, and in all cases, leaving it alone gives one a fresher mind for tackling it.

Kipling was too interested in his plan to leave it alone, and for once his father, in his warning about looking up references, set him off on a wrong track. A brickyard he had at Bateman's put him in mind of that celebrated brickmaker, Mr. Daniel Defoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and he wrote a tale about Daniel's part in getting rid of James II and bringing William of Orange to the English throne. When he had done with it, it had no more life than a story usually does which is made up of verified references and not much else. He threw it away.

He tried a story in which he brought Dr. Samuel Johnson to Bateman's to tell Elsie and Jack about an adventure of his in Scotland, but this was no better than the others, and he discarded it. None of them was any good: Baltic pirate, Parnesius, Defoe, or Dr. Johnson. Kipling put the whole thing aside and went off about his other business.

That did the trick. As soon as he let them alone the stories, without any fuss, arranged themselves. Out of the past rose the Oldest Thing in England, Puck or Pook or Robin Goodfellow or Hobgoblin (he had many names). Puck had come to England with Oak and Ash and Thorn, the three sacred trees by which he swore, and would be in England as long as Oak and Ash and Thorn were there.

By a special sort of magic, about which you can read in the beginning of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Jack and Elsie Kipling (the Dan and Una of the stories) were able to

free Puck from the hills and make him their friend. Puck could take them back to any moment of history they chose and they did not have to go in the dull, chronological order of the textbooks.

They began with the days when Weland (Wayland), the smith of the gods, had come to put shoes on the horses of mortal Englishmen, then hopped to the Norman Conquest. They met Parnesius in bronze armour, with a red horsetail in his helmet during the occupation; they saw Laënnec, who invented the stethoscope, and Queen Elizabeth and George Washington and Napoleon and Talleyrand. Puck had seen them all and had outlived them all, but there was one at Bateman's who was nearly as old as Puck and seemed to be as durable. This was old Hobden, the hedger, who lived near the slag heap of the forge and was, next to Puck, Dan's and Una's best friend. Hobden's ninth great-grandfather had been a free man, a charcoal burner in this neighbourhood when Weland the Smith visited it, and ever since there had been a Hobden, very much like all the Hobdens that had lived before him. Sometimes, as in the days of the Romans, he was called Hobdenius, and sometimes he was called Hobbie or Hob; his overlord might be Roman, Danish, Norman, or English and change from one to the other every few hundred years or so, but Hobden never changed. Hobden lived close to the soil, knew what it needed, and supplied it. The overlords thought the land was theirs. It was not. It was Hobden's. Hobden was the man who worked it. The overlord (Kipling) held the deed, but Hobden owned the land. Kipling might die, but Hobden would not. There would always be a Hobden. It was another way of saying there would always be an England. Hobden was Kipling's final hero, the only one who ever took the place of Tommy Atkins.

What interested Kipling most out of the past was the links that it had with the present, and all the time he was at work on the Puck stories (just as at all other times in his life) he kept dashing about the world to see

what was happening in other countries besides England. Most of the winters he and his family spent in South Africa, but in the summer of 1906 he and his wife, leaving the children at home, sailed for Canada on a trip that continued into 1907.

They "did" the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, part of the time in a private Pullman car, munificently provided by the head of the Canadian-Pacific Railway. Kipling made a few speeches, including one at McGill University in Montreal, which in 1899 had given him his first honorary degree and another on imperial relations before the Canadian Club in Toronto. In *Letters to the Family* he wrote lavish praise in Canada, and though he did not this time visit the United States, he took a number of side-swipes at her.

His mature opinion, set down many years after this, was that on the Canadian side of the imaginary line that formed the border between the two countries safety, law, honour, and obedience reigned, while on the other there was an almost total lack of the qualities that made for civilisation. This seemed to him a marvel (as indeed it would have been if it had been true) and he further marvelled that, under the circumstances, any Canadian should care in any degree what any American thought of him.

After he returned to England in 1907 Kipling was notified that he had received the Nobel Prize for Literature. By a superb bit of irony, this was the first year that an American received one of the awards. Dr. A. A. Michelson won the Prize in Physics for having, for the first time, precisely measured the speed of light. Might it not be that Kipling would have liked the Americans better if they had not been so much in evidence?

From his first visit he had never doubted that the United States was growing into a giant among nations. Perhaps it would not have disturbed him so much if the giant had been more respectful towards the British Empire. His friend, Cecil Rhodes, had once said to his engineer, Mr. Hammond, that if it had not been for the

stupidity of George III in losing the American colonies, there would have developed not one great nation, but two, with two capitals, one in London and one in D.C. Mr. Hammond jokingly said that it might have started that way, but in time the capital would have been in Washington alone. Rhodes was not amused. That kind of thing never amused him—or Kipling. The Americans frightened Kipling. They were coming along too fast. By using up the vast resources of their country without a thought for the future, they were getting rich too easily, and it seemed to him that nowhere along the line had they developed a sense of responsibility.

That same year—1907—Kipling received another distinction which was shared by an American. Oxford University gave him an honorary degree on an occasion which was made even more notable by the presence of two of his friends, old General Booth of the Salvation Army and Mark Twain. There were thirty honorees that day, but these three—shall we call them the Gigger set?—had the loudest ovations.

During the festivities Kipling and his wife and Mark Twain stayed with Sir William Osler, the great Canadian-born physician who had helped to build up Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and was now Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. The Oslers found both Kiplings charming, and Rudyard and Mark Twain had such fun joking together that it was fun for everybody. Mark was an American, but Kipling never took a personal dislike to a man for that reason. Besides, Mark belonged to the world.

Kipling as much as anybody regretted a great part of what Britain lost in losing the United States, and said so in "Brother Square-Toes," a story in *Rewards and Fairies*, the second and final volume of the Puck series. The story deals with the time, shortly after the American Revolution, when George Washington refused to be stampeded into joining the French in their war against Great Britain. A poem which follows it (Kipling had developed a habit of putting poems on the

same subject before and after his stories) seems to be a tribute to George Washington, and Kipling once said that it was. Later he said it was inspired by the character of Dr. Jameson.

Jameson, after the death of Rhodes and the end of the South African war, had so far recovered from the unsavoury aftermath of the raid as to become Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, a position which he had sought and used to further Rhodes' hope for a Union of South Africa. After Rhodes' death no one did more for the union than Jameson (a fact which the British government recognised by making him a baronet), but his name continued (and to this day continues) to be a symbol for a lawless, unprincipled buccaneer. Rider Haggard was one of his admirers and Kipling was always one of his staunchest friends.

Once when he came up from South Africa on the same ship with the Kiplings, a woman who sat at the table with them in the dining-room moved indignantly away when she discovered that one of her companions was the notorious Dr. Jameson. Another time an American visitor to Bateman's, who came upon him at a moment when there was no one present to introduce them, decided that he was one of the handsomest and most charming and most agreeable men he had ever met and was "quite bowled over" when he learned his identity. Many people were "quite bowled over" nearly thirty years after the poem was written to read in Kipling's autobiography that it was about Dr. Jameson. For the poem was "If—," perhaps the best known and best loved of all the verses that ever came from Kipling's pen.

Now it does not in the least matter who or what suggests a poem or who writes it. All that matters is the poem itself, and "If—" would have been the same if it had been inspired by the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. It does not describe George Washington or Dr. Jameson or anyone else; it presents an ideal of conduct, and millions have taken it as a standard by which to measure themselves.



The popularity of "If—" surpassed that of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and the poem has proved far more lasting. It has been printed on nearly every substance that will receive ink. It has hung in business offices and railway stations, in bedrooms and living rooms and schoolrooms and on the walls of dugouts in the trenches of France. It has been translated into nearly every language and it has been included in more anthologies than could easily be counted. Thousands have memorised it because they wanted to, and other thousands (mainly school children) have been required to memorise it. The forced memorising Kipling regretted. That had not entered into his plan.

The year after "If—" was published—that is, in 1911, in the middle of the campaign for woman's suffrage—Kipling wrote some verses in which he declared the female of the species more deadly than the male. The phrase embedded itself in the English language (like an earlier one about the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady being sisters under the skin). Battalions of women rose to scream out their lack of deadliness, thus affording rare amusement to the author, for the louder they screamed, the more certainly they proved him right.

In spite of "The Female of the Species" and some of his later poems which for one reason or another are memorable, "If—" might be called Kipling's farewell to wild-fire popularity. Never again did he sweep the world as he did with this poem, as he had with the *Plain Tales* and those grey-backed Indian Railway Library books, as he had with the *Jungle Books* and "Recessional." The Puck stories were not easy to read, and though they were meant for children, children have never loved them as they have loved the *Jungle Books* and the *Just-So Stories*. To the average Sussex natives, those villagers in Burwash, with whose glorious past Puck is so much concerned, the stories seemed "no-sense" stuff. They preferred "Mandalay" and "Gunga Din." Many cultivated readers found the stories thin and shadowy, though, especially in the descriptions of the English countryside, rather pretty.

Many who would have enjoyed them never bothered to read them. They had labelled Kipling as the man who loved Tommy Atkins and glorified war ; and therefore they wished to avoid him. Kipling did love Tommy Atkins, but glorifying war had belonged only to his extreme youth and for many years had been a thing of the past. The Puck stories rode out the storm and found an audience of their own, which has included men like Sir William Osler, Winston Churchill, and T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia, a friend of Kipling's, who used to dip his aeroplane in salute as he flew over Bateman's). Hundreds of others have found in them a magic intermingling of the past and the present, and there is a devoted group who, if it came to choice, would throw over all the rest of Kipling's writing for the sake of these stories. This is partly because of the sense they give that through all changes man's work endures, but most of all because the pages are filled with the loveliness of the Sussex land before the bombs of the first World War (much less the second) began blasting it away. Kipling, before he wrote a line of *Puck*, knew that the first war was coming and to a remarkable degree of accuracy knew what it was going to be like.





## THE WORLD WAR

AS FAR back as 1902, when Germany blandly suggested a naval demonstration in partnership with Great Britain to collect debts owed both countries by Venezuela, a manoeuvre which would inevitably have destroyed all semblance of good feeling between the United States and Great Britain, Kipling had written another of his angry, indignant editorial poems, "The Rowers," asking his country, in effect, if she had lost her senses.

The earlier Venezuela trouble, that about the boundary, had been patched up, and relations between the United States and Great Britain were friendlier than they had been in a long time. Kipling really did care about this friendship, in spite of all he did to damage it, but it was not this that inspired "The Rowers." What infuriated him, fresh from his knowledge of German activities in South Africa, was that England should consider an alliance with Germany. In the last verse he called the German a shameless Hun and England joined Germany in the enraged tumult that followed.

Kipling had not picked out of the air this reference to the Hun. The Kaiser in his message to his troops in China during the Boxer Rebellion in 1901 had reminded them of Attila, King of the Huns, and had urged them to make their name as terrible among the Chinese as his had been in Europe. In 1902 the English were ready to apologise to Germany; in 1914 they were ready to apologise to Kipling.

Inside the British Empire, as he saw the war drawing nearer, the people that Kipling feared most were the politicians, and the philosophy that he feared most was democracy. The two were bound together. In 1911 he worked on a child's history of England with an Oxford man, one C. R. L. Fletcher. Kipling's part (and it is much the best part of a very dogmatic, opinionated book) is made of poems, dropped in at appropriate intervals in the way that he had put poems into *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. But the book as a whole, dogmatism and all, can be taken as expressing Kipling's ideas, and for this reason and at this point, its comments on democracy are particularly instructive.

Democracy had been increasing in Great Britain for nearly a hundred years, but, in the Kipling-Fletcher opinion, had not proved itself. It was still on trial. On this point there is no room for argument. Every intelligent person felt in 1911, and feels today, that democracy is on trial. Its only chance of success is for every person living in a democracy—every person, without exception—to realise that he has a responsibility towards it, that he has duties as well as rights and that everyone else has rights that he must respect. Still no room for argument. Every lover of democracy admits this and is proud to admit. To deny it would be to deny democracy itself.

Kipling's real villain was the snivelling politician who never made a move without looking around to see how it would affect his constituency. In India and South Africa as well as in England and Canada and Australia he had been appalled by the havoc that follows such men,

but even more than he blamed these men, he blamed the lawless, irresponsible mob that voted them into power. He saw no hope of raising the mob to the level where it could be trusted with the vote. Kipling's mind, so nimble in all other directions, was in this as inflexible as granite. It made many ordinary, quite decent people hate him; it made those who cared for art above all else feel that he, an artist, had sold his birthright for a mess of politics; it made even his friends say, "Well, after all, you know *he* is tough."

Kipling knew all the arguments against war—that it was unthinkable to civilised people, that it had become so expensive no nation could afford it, and that the reserve fund of international goodwill was so vast that the Hague Court would be able to settle any and all threats to the peace of the world. Still he kept saying that there was going to be a war and that it was going to be fought between Germany and Great Britain. He begged his country to get ready for it.

The Kipling-Fletcher history ends with a poem called "The Glory of the Garden." "The Glory of the Garden" (England was the Garden) was first published in 1911. People remembered it and reprinted it when the World War began in 1914. They remembered it again and reprinted it again when the second World War began in 1939.

Kipling's predictions of war did not mean that he wanted it—few wanted it less—but when it came he wasted no time in saying, "I told you so." "God help us and make us strong!" was his prayer for his country, and, "God help us to come through it unashamed!" His poems went to the trenches with the men, but he himself was not the popular hero he had been at the opening of the South African war. One of his poems was actually turned down by the soliders' magazine *Blighty*, which was like *The Friend* on a larger scale.

But the old power was not gone. "For All We Have and Are," written in 1914, was more quoted than any other war poem.

Blow after blow rained upon Kipling during the war years as he watched the swaying fortunes of his beloved England and her Empire. The hardest came in September, 1915, during the terrible Battle of Loos in northern France, when it was reported that Second Lieutenant John Kipling of the Irish Guards was wounded and missing. John was the Kiplings' only son, "my boy Jack," the Dan of the Puck stories, a favourite, like his sister Elsie, with the Burwash villagers, whose fear had been that he would break his neck charging about the country on his motor-cycle. He was eighteen years and six months old, and Loos was the first battle in which he had taken part.

Nothing further was ever known. The Kiplings waited for months, hoping to get word from a German prison camp that he had been captured. The word never came and the body was never recovered; it is believed that it was buried by a bursting shell.

Such loss is beyond the reach of comfort, but Kipling had not schooled himself in the Roman virtues for nothing; in his sorest grief he never lost sight of the fact that his sorrow lay all over England. He and the boy's mother had lost their only son, but so had thousands of mothers and fathers. He wrote a poem, "My Boy Jack," which was set to music. It was sung everywhere, for it went beyond his personal heartache and spoke to everyone whose son was missing or in danger. Another poem, "A Recantation," was a tribute to the music-hall artists who entertained the soldiers with mirth and song. "Lyde of the Music Halls" went on with the show just the same the night she had word from France that her son was dead.

Much of what Kipling wrote during the war was filled with a savage hatred of the Germans. It has been said that this was because of the death of his son, but the accusation is not true. The most venomous of these stories and poems were written before the Battle of Loos. During the war he and his wife kept their sanity not by hating (that way madness lies) but by

reading aloud to each other the quiet novels of Jane Austen. One of his stories was *The Janeites*, which was about England's "Jane" and those who loved her.

After the war Kipling wrote *The Irish Guards in the Great War* in memory of his son. In no other book did he show himself so much the Roman stoic. He had the literary skill to make the Irish battalions the bravest of the brave, but if he was ever tempted to do this, he resisted the temptation. The Irish Guards were heroic, but so were the other battalions. Jack Kipling had given his life, but so had many others. Not once in the two volumes of *The Irish Guards* is Second Lieutenant John Kipling singled out above his fellows. Of him is told no more and no less than of others whose fate had been like his. The volumes are based upon the Regimental Diaries, private letters and documents, and stories told by the soldiers; in all the six hundred pages and more there is not one gesture towards the public; these books were for the soldiers who had survived and for the families of those who had not come back.

It must have been some slight comfort to the Kiplings to know that their boy was in France. If it had to be a foreign country this is the one they would have chosen. The boy's mother, though American, was of French descent, and Kipling had loved France since that first trip to Paris with his father. It had been one of his favourite playgrounds. He and his wife used to take their automobile (when automobiles were as much of a novelty among the French as they were among the English) to a "narcissus-filled" meadow by the sea under Mount Canigou in the Pyrenees and follow this spring as it spread towards the north. At Rheims they would stop to burn candles before Joan of Arc. Kipling believed in Joan, which means that he believed in France.

But during the war France and England both had disappointed him. He could have held his head more proudly if they had not called in the United States. If they had made themselves strong and independent

this would have been unnecessary. He scored off the British politicians for their disastrous mistakes and the people not only for putting them in power, but for keeping them there even after they had proved themselves unfit. When peace was made he saw no reason for celebration and lost no time in saying that it was the beginning of the real war. The rest of his life he dated the beginning of the next war from the signing of the Armistice on the eleventh of November, 1918.

If he had searched the world for a way to rasp the nerves of a stricken, exhausted people, he could not have found a better one. To think that the horror of the past four years might come upon them again and be worse the second time than the first was intolerable, and men shut their ears against it. Kipling stood by his guns, but he did not spend the rest of his days firing them off. There was too much else in life to enjoy, and he still had a mighty zest for living. The world, for all its horrors, was a wonderful planet and he had great hopes for it.





## LAST POST

MANY of the stories that Kipling wrote during and immediately after the war dealt with forms of brotherhood and their uses to the returned soldiers. Brotherhood was much in his mind—the old dream of world brotherhood. No mortal man had found a way to bring it into being, and Rhodes' plan for it had failed like all the rest.

The scholars Rhodes had sent to Oxford had not established a fellowship of peace. In the war they had fought by the side of their countrymen. By and large only a few of them had gone into government service, but it would have been rash then, as now, to say that the plan had entirely failed. Many a good man was a better citizen because Rhodes had made it possible for him to go to Oxford, and among the scholars there had been men after Rhodes' own heart.

Such a one was that South African boy, Kingsley Fairbridge, who had seen Rhodes in the Matoppos Hills just after the Jameson Raid, when he was making peace with the Matabele. As a boy of twelve, surrounded by the wild emptiness of the fertile Rhodesian plateau,

Kingsley had asked himself why there were so few people in it, so few farmers. When he visited London he saw that it was not because there was a lack of people; he was appalled by the way they were crowded together in the slums. But these were not the people he wanted for Rhodesia. Rhodesia demanded strong men. The refuse of the slums would not do.

The visit to England made young Fairbridge more than ever determined to get farmers into Rhodesia, but he was still unwilling to accept any but the best. It took him six years to perfect a plan. He announced it while he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford in a speech before the Colonial Club in October, 1909.

He had discovered that there were more than sixty thousand dependent children in England in orphan asylums and other institutions. His plan, as simple as the statement that two and two make four, was to select those best fitted for the life and establish them on farm schools in the British overseas possessions. The practical training in the schools would not only save them from the London slums, it would give them independence and build them into the kind of men the undeveloped portions of the Empire needed.

A rush of enthusiasm greeted his announcement and for a little while it looked as if he might begin almost anywhere he chose. He had wanted his first school in Rhodesia, but the British South Africa Company felt that Rhodesia was too young for such an experiment. Newfoundland offered fifty thousand acres of land, but for various practical reasons, which need not be discussed here, a site near Perth, Australia, was finally agreed upon and the first Fairbridge Farm School was established there in 1912.

There was nothing grand about its beginnings. Instead of thousands of acres, it had only one hundred and sixty; instead of hundreds of boys, only thirty-four; and experts said that the whole project was too small a drop in the bucket to do any good, that as a means of slum clearance it was too expensive, and that it was

extremely doubtful if the boys in the school would justify the time and money spent upon them.

Two years later the first World War began, and the normal difficulties of the school, especially its financial difficulties, were so increased that the Home Committee asked Mr. Fairbridge to close. He protested, and the Perth Committee stood behind him. The school stayed open, and the founder, who had been rejected for military service, stayed with it. By the time the war was over the boys had made good—all thirty-four of them—and the school had become a model of its kind. It was enlarged, other schools were established, and girls as well as boys were admitted.

Kipling has been charged with ignoring the responsibilities of society towards its unfortunate members. The Fairbridge schools are an answer to that. When he died he left the residue of his estate to them. There is another answer in the long tale of his benefactions to private individuals, but this is a tale that will never be told, though there have been many who could bear witness to his unfailing generosity.

Kipling's reputation for being an irascible porcupine followed him to Bateman's, and the reason was the same that it had been at the Naulakha. So many came to try to gouge something out of him that he had had to protect himself by refusing to see any but his friends or those who had a genuine reason for coming. Both he and his wife, who, as ever, was the guardian of his time, were liberal in deciding what constituted a genuine reason, but anyone who knew the circumstances could not blame them for being wary.

Once a woman—they had thought her a friend—tricked him into giving her an interview. Knowing that he would refuse if asked, she brought her small son to Bateman's, as if for a social call, and while Kipling diverted himself by helping the lad sail a toy boat on one of his pools, the woman opened conversation on Anglo-American relations. This was shortly after the war, when there was considerable friction over the war

debts. Kipling was entirely British in his sentiments, but what he actually said is not known. The woman wrote it down from memory and when the interview appeared Kipling repudiated it.

Thwarted admirers sometimes took telescopes to nearby points to spy out the owner of Bateman's, and one night during the war an American boy who loved the Puck stories crept through the darkness to look through the window at his idol. To know that one is apt to be spied upon, even in adoration, is not pleasant, but one feels that Kipling would have forgiven the American boy. He was a member of his country's expeditionary force and was killed at Ypres.

Young writers who came to Bateman's for advice found Kipling eager and helpful, but there were not many who came. Authors of the new generation were not so much interested in looking at the world around them (which had always been his way) as they were in looking into their own souls. Some of those who had souls worth looking at wrote fine books, but many of them did nothing but whimper. They called themselves the lost generation and blamed all their misfortunes on the war. Kipling pitied them as much as they pitied themselves, but he kept telling them that the time was coming when they too would be put to the test of steel and that, unless they made themselves ready, they would find themselves living in a world much worse than any they had yet imagined.

It became the fashion to be ashamed of the war and to belittle the men who had fought in it. This cut deep. In a poem, "The King's Pilgrimage," which refers to King George V's visit to the war cemeteries in France in 1922, Kipling showed his anguish at the way the living were mocking the dead. The young men who had died had given all they had in defence of their heritage. They could do no more. It rested now with the living to prove that they had not died in vain.

Kipling did his part. On the appointment of His Majesty the King he served on the Imperial War Graves

Commission, which was charged with locating the graves of the fallen and providing suitable memorials for them and for the three hundred thousand and more for whom no graves could be found. And he continued to write those sharp editorial poems of his. In 1933, five years before the Munich settlement, using the word "appeasement," he warned Great Britain against that policy.

In his youth those who disagreed with Kipling called him a brute. In his old age they called him a dinosaur. Poor old Kipling, still living in the past. He does not know that war never settles anything. He is a friend of Clemenceau, the "Father of Victory," that old Tiger of France. It is a pity for anyone to be so out of touch, so behind the times. Like that other antediluvian—what is his name? Oh yes, Winston Churchill, poor Winnie, who keeps warning us against the menace of Germany.

Pay no attention to them.

This is the age of peace. No one wants war, but if by any horrible chance it should come, the Maginot Line will hold. But war will not come. Brute force belongs to the past. A little appeasement, and all will be well.

Kipling was so accustomed to opposition and misrepresentation that he was seldom disturbed by anything that was said of him. The record shows that he had extraordinary foreknowledge of the events to come, but in one small particular his gift of prophecy failed him, and this led to the most serious of all the misunderstandings between Kipling and the rest of the world.

It happened after the Nazis came into power in Germany. Kipling had for so many years preached against democracy and in favour of a strong state that when another group came along with similar preachments people who had not followed closely leaped to the conclusion that Kipling wanted the same thing the Nazis did, except that he wanted Great Britain to be the head of it. His position was not improved by the fact that his books were decorated with swastikas.

The swastika is one of the oldest good-luck symbols in the world and there is hardly a race on earth that has not used it. Kipling became familiar with it in India, where Hindu traders mark their account books with it as an auspicious beginning for a new year. It is the emblem of their jolly elephant god, Ganesh, who protects the traveller and the pilgrim and showers good fortune upon the student, the housewife, and the merchant. In 1899, more than thirty years before Adolf Hitler became the Führer of Germany, Kipling had used Ganesh and the swastika in the design of his books.

The jaunty Ganesh, one of the most lovable of Hindu gods, apparently had little appeal for the Nazis, for they took only his symbol, the swastika, which had been used by many others, older even than he. When this happened Kipling dropped it. The Nazi philosophy of putting the State above the Law was the last on earth to which he would have subscribed.

For him the Law was above everything, and by Law he meant the oldest of human virtues—truth and honour and thrift and obedience and courage. Neither King nor People, Church nor Crown could ignore them without paying the penalty.

From his study of the long history of England Kipling knew that his country had not always obeyed the Law, but he knew also that in her finest hours these four—King, People, Church, and Parliament—had worked together for one mighty purpose, and he cherished a hope that the time would come when all England's hours would be like her finest, a time when each person would serve with all his heart in the position to which his talents and abilities best entitled him. He never promised that life would be easy, but he always felt that it might be glorious. He never explained how his millenium was to be accomplished—probably he did not know—but he was sure that the way the Nazis had chosen was not the right way.

As Kipling grew older his stories became more and

more difficult to understand. A few of these later stories have that vein of cruelty in them which has always been a stumbling block in the way of those who want to let themselves go in their admiration of his genius, but most of them show a man who has been mellowed by time, and many Kipling enthusiasts feel that his last work was his greatest.

It is not easy to read. Very little that he wrote after *Puck* is as easy to read as his early work. In much of it there seems to be one meaning on the surface while another and more important meaning is buried far underneath. Some of the best of his later stories were about dogs. Kipling had loved dogs since the days in Lahore when he had owned a fox terrier—Vic or Vixen—who appears in some of the Mulvaney stories. At Bateman's he had Scotties, and some of the stories he wrote there are told by a Scotty named Boots.

Boots, in his own dog language, which is as puzzling to read as the Uncle Remus dialect is to one who was not brought up in the South, gives an account of himself and his friends, chief of whom, aside from a small boy that he adores, is a hunting dog named Ravager. Ravager dies as a result of an injury received from an automobile driven by a lady who talked too much to notice where she was going. In Boots' grief one hears the echo of the grief of a man who has lost his best friend and cannot understand why; and the man seems to be Kipling and the friend seems to be his son.

There is another dog story, *Teem*, told in this difficult dog language, which seems to be only the story of a dog with a gift for finding truffles. But Teem is an artist and the lesson life teaches him is that, outside of his art, an artist must never dream. Kipling was an artist, but he had never been able to keep only to his art. He had dreamed of empire. Sometimes he may have regretted it; in *Teem* he seems to be regretting it.

In one of his later poems Kipling seems to wish that he had not mishandled his poetic gift. He wrote more than sixteen hundred poems. No man that ever lived

could write sixteen hundred good poems, and the worst of Kipling's are very bad indeed. As a young man he wished that all he had written in rhyme could be rubbed out so he could begin again. As an old man he would have done almost anything to recall dozens of little verses that were running about the world—verses he had dashed off to serve for a moment's pleasure and wished to see perish when the moment was past. The difficulty was that whoever got them kept them. If he had disciplined his gift for rhyme, he might have been a better poet, one who could have ranked with Chaucer and Shakespeare and Horace. It was too late now.

All this is guesswork. The one thing we know that he always wanted to write, but never did, was a big three-decker novel of the kind he had enjoyed in his youth, but he felt (and his mother and father agreed with him) that he would never be able to construct the long, complicated plot that would have been necessary. *Kim* was the best he ever did in this direction. It was a superb best, but he hoped always to do something bigger than *Kim*.

But whatever regrets Kipling may have had belonged to the passing moment. Life was too big and exciting to be wasted in vain repining. The first time he visited Japan he wrote to the *Pioneer* that of all pleasures earth had to offer there were few to compare with that of touching upon a new country. He never lost his appetite for this pleasure. In the *Just So Stories* he wrote a poem about the armadillos in which he hoped to go rolling down to Rio some day before he was old. He went in 1927, when he was sixty-two. *Brazilian Sketches*, in which he gives an account of the journey, shows that he had lost none of his zest for a "new country."

He continued his visits to France and travelled in many other countries, and nearly everywhere he found children to love. One winter in Hamilton, Bermuda, when his wife was in the hospital he made friends with a small American girl in the next room. He bobbed in one April morning, a little grey man with heavy eyebrows,



heavy moustache, and thick spectacles, and, without formality, asked if she would like to hear a story.

"Please," said the little girl, "if you know any and good ones." She had had enough of the other kind. So he told her about the Elephant's Child and Wee Willie Winkie, and dipped into some of the others which might be judged as somewhat better than "good."

He came to see her every day, and one hot afternoon gave her an utterly charming and Kiplingesque treat. He waylaid a small black boy who was going to market with seven bunnies in a paper bag and had him bring them to the little girl's room to hop about her coverlet while he picked them up, one at a time, and made them talk to her "in a high squeaky little rabbit voice." Kipling seldom came into her room when another grown-up was there, and as she grew better he faded into the background. On his last visit he brought her an antique French bonbon box (a gift for her mother) and for herself, for luck, a narrow bracelet of elephant's hair and gold. The child's mother and father had noticed in their walks to and from the hospital with Kipling that he never passed the Hamilton War Memorial without pausing, if only for a moment.

Later, to Kipling's unlimited embarrassment, there was founded, on the suggestion of Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, the Kipling Society, "open to all, without distinction of class, or creed or nationality," to honour and extend his influence throughout the English-speaking world. Kipling begged them to wait at least until he was dead, but there was no stopping them. Stalky became president. McTurk was a vice-president.

Stalky by this time had ended his military career and was a retired major-general with many decorations. Most of his service had been in India, but his most notable single exploit was in Armenia during the first World War, when he was sent out with a handful of Ford cars to keep the Bolsheviks in hand. He had accomplished nothing that his secret orders had commanded, but he had managed his little force in the old Stalky way with such

skill that so great an authority as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gave him credit for having kept Persia on the side of the Allies and called his whole adventure "a very gallant episode of the War."

Kipling never went near the Society, but it grew into a flourishing organisation with regular meetings and a *Kipling Journal* and a roster of names which includes General Archibald P. Wavell, commander in chief of the British forces in the Near East during the second World War ; Alfred Noyes, the poet ; the Earl of Bewdley (Stanley Baldwin) ; Kipling's sister, Mrs. Fleming ; and, in the United States, Effendi's son, Nelson Doubleday ; Rear-Admiral Lloyd Chandler, U.S.N. ; Mrs. Flora V. Livingston, the Kipling bibliographer ; and Alexander Woolcott, the famed author, actor and radio commentator.

Some of the articles in the *Journal* show an idolatry that would have appalled Kipling. It has never been possible to take a firm, impartial stand in discussing him. We live too close to the time in which he lived and upon which he made his searching commentaries. But the day is coming when Kipling's vision of an orderly world can be discussed as calmly as any other man's, and in that day a clearer light will shine upon Kipling as a personality (apart from Kipling as an author) and the world will realise that he belongs in the gallery of great men—great Englishmen—as characteristically English as his celebrated countryman Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Kipling was a pixie in comparison with the ponderous doctor, but in spite of this and in spite of the hundred and fifty years of time that separated them, the two men had much in common. Both were dogmatic and opinionated and neither could help saying what he thought, no matter where the chips flew. Both were dyed-in-the-wool Tories and upholders of tradition, but in the history of the world there are not to be found two other men who had more respect for the dignity and worth of the common man. Both loved people, but not without prejudice. "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American," Dr. Johnson said, and Americans

in his presence were warned not to mention their nationality. His opinion of the Scots was not much higher. But Americans and Scots and Irish (add Irish for Kipling) are not easily downed. They have perversely taken what they liked of these two stubborn Englishmen and have discounted the rest or let it go.

The comparison between them must not be pushed too far. Even where they were alike they were different. For instance, the social diversion which each relished most was gathering in clubs with other men, but while Dr. Johnson always demanded, and was freely given, the centre of the stage, Kipling never asked for more than a place on the sidelines where he could hide behind his spectacles and watch what was going on. Dr. Johnson was uncouth. Kipling was not, but he, too, had a reputation for rudeness. In each case friends knew that, whatever the outer covering, there was underneath one of the kindest hearts in the world. Some of those who knew Kipling only by hearsay were surprised, on meeting him, to find him so gentle and thoughtful. No man who had him for a friend ever had a better one.

What stands out with both these men is that each, in his own person, reflected his age and set his stamp upon it. In the histories of English literature the middle of the eighteenth century is known as the "Age of Johnson." The "Age of Kipling" may yet find its way into the textbooks. It began towards the end of the Victorian Era in 1890, that miraculous year in which he first astonished and delighted the world. No date can be fixed for its end. The Kipling influence has been denounced and reacted against, but it is still so much alive that there is no escape from it. The newspapers are filled with dispatches from war correspondents, written in the straight Kipling tradition of vivid reporting, and every day people use phrases of his, as they use Shakespeare's, without knowing where they got them.

Yet there has been a sifting of Kipling's work and some of it has gone into the discard. Mulvaney, when the freshness of his background wore off, proved to be

the same old Irishman who had so often appeared in fiction and on the stage, and Mrs. Hauksbee turned out to be not much more than the rag and the bone and the hank of hair by which her creator described another woman. *The Naulahka* was forgotten and many of Kipling's later stories are remembered only by the Kipling specialist.

Some day his poems will be sifted and the chaff will be blown away. Time and the people who love them will take care of that, as they have already taken care of the *Jungle Books* and the Puck stories, *Kim* and "The Phantom Rickshaw" and "The Man Who Would Be King" and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" and "The Brushwood Boy" and "William the Conqueror" and some of his other short stories. These have gone into the great treasury of English literature where they lie beyond the reach of threats to empire or democracy or any other form of government.

For the time being, the end of the Kipling era can be fixed on the day of his death, January 18, 1936, two days before the death of his sovereign and friend, King George V. Those who are in a position to know say that Kipling could have had any honour within the gift of the British Empire. He refused everything. He loved both King and Empire too much ever to jeopardise his freedom in serving them in the way that to him seemed best. He could not accept favours from the government one day when he might feel called upon to attack it the next. But he could not refuse the final tribute that England gives to her distinguished sons. He could not refuse to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Many of Kipling's friends had preceded him on the long journey. Julian Ralph was dead, and Rhodes and Jameson, Perceval Landon, Theodore Roosevelt, Clemenceau, Effendi, T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia), and Philip Burne-Jones. Among the pallbearers were his cousin Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister of England, with whose politics he had never agreed; his cousin Margaret's husband, Professor J. W. Mackail;

H. A. Gwynne, old comrade of the Bloemfontein days; and Mr. Watt, son of the Mr. Watt who had first taken over the management of his literary affairs. Stalky represented the Kipling Society at the funeral, and there were many tributes, not one of which was more touching or appropriate than a wreath made by one of the workmen at Bateman's—a wreath of Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Kipling had seen more of the world than most men, and no one had a better knowledge than he of the way it was heading, but he was never afraid. Far back in 1891 he had written a story (it is in *Many Inventions*), called "The Children of the Zodiac," of the days when the children, who were gods, had walked the earth as men; and the burden of the song they had left behind was that whatever happens or fails to happen we must never be afraid. That burden kept running through all that Kipling wrote.

All over the world he had seen men who were strong and valiant, from old Hobden at Bateman's to Cecil Rhodes at Groote Schuur, and he kept to the belief that the future of the world lay in such hands as theirs. His last poems were warnings to England that her darkest hours lay ahead, but he expected her to stand up and face them in the old heroic way and to build herself again, and stouter than ever, when they were over. He still believed that whatever happens or does not happen, the children of men must not be afraid.



